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Pro-Slavery.

ABOLITIONISM IN ENGLAND.

From The Journal of Commerce.

THE Earl of Carlisle, better known in this country as Lord Morpeth, has picked up the now tattered and threadbare mantle formerly worn by Clarkson, Wilberforce, Brougham and Buxton, and, being at this moment out of political employment, like his colleagues of the Palmerston government, has taken to attending "Anti-Slavery" Society soirees in his native county, Yorkshire. At one of these philanthropic gatherings held at Leeds on the 28th ult., the benevolent but not over gifted Earl delivered an address, the greater portion of which referred to slavery in the United States, and the duty of young men in Leeds and elsewhere to constitute Anti-Slavery associations and hold Anti-Slavery meetings to aid the Abolitionists of the United States in achieving the triumph of "their immortal cause."

The young men of the Leeds Anti-Slavery Society were told by his lordship, among other things, that "every information that had lately been received from the United States tended to show that a crisis was approaching, if it had not already come"; that "the cause of the Abolitionists in the United States was making real, palpable and daily progress"; and that "it entered into every election of members of Congress, of Senators, and Governors of States."

We believe that in early life Lord Morpeth was a very indifferent poet, and wrote some exceedingly bad poems, and that more recently he has published a translation in verse of one of the Books of the Old Testament, in which the "poet's license" was pushed very far beyond its legitimate limits. It must have been this same poet's license which his Lordship was abusing when he gave the young Abolitionists of Leeds the information above quoted. We believe, and we think that it is the general belief in this country, that so far from abolitionism making "real, palpable, daily progress," it is decidedly on the wane. There are few men in the United States—certainly there is no party—mad enough to advocate openly the doctrines of the Abolitionists as understood by Lord Carlisle. There are some who, for selfish purposes, avail themselves of the anti-slavery cry to aid them in attaining power and place; but the masses of the American people, whatever their opinions as to the abstract question of slavery and free labor, are convinced that as slavery is a local institution, the States wherein it exists have alone the right to determine whether it shall continue or be abolished.

The fact is, we are a very practical people in this country. We are also a really philanthropic people; but we are bitterly opposed to wild theories and bogus philanthropy. With the example of Jamaica and Hayti before our eyes; with a knowledge derived from actual observation of the practical effects of abolitionism in those two islands—namely, utter debasement of the negro population, untilled sugar plantations, and deserted cotton fields—the American people cannot appreciate the "sublime notions" of abolitionism of which his lordship of Carlisle discourses so fluently, and hence it is that his "cause" has not made that real progress to which he fancifully alluded.

The London correspondent of a morning cotemporary believes that the good-natured Earl has been pushed into this anti-slavery movement by Lord Palmerston and the Cambridge House clique of politicians, whose game it is to raise an anti-American and anti-Democratic movement to head off John Bright and the Democratic reformers. We believe that the venerable and once popular Viscount Palmerston is very anti-American in his feelings and views; but we give him credit for too much shrewdness to believe that he would try to revive the anti-slavery cry as an anti-American dodge. The fact is that abolitionism has been proved to be a failure, both in point of economy and philanthropy; and most of those in England who lauded highest the emancipation of the negroes in Jamaica are now willing to admit that it has nearly ruined the island, and that the free negroes are in a worse condition, morally and socially, than they were when in slavery.

Lord Carlisle and the young Abolitionists of Leeds can raise "the voice of sympathy, hope and encouragement" to Gerrit Smith and his followers, and may strive to "invest their utterances with new and undreamt-of responsibilities"; they may "pity the slave," and renew their allegiance to "the undying cause of freedom," but we do not anticipate that they will get much by their motion.

FREE THINKING AND FANATICISM.

From The Boston Courier.

SOME recent letter-writer from New Haven to a newspaper recommends Rev. Dr. Bushnell's work, just published, entitled "Nature and the Supernatural," for its utility to "stem the tide of free-thinking and fanaticism which is now at its full, not only in Yale College, but elsewhere." To say nothing of the *elsewhere*, this is a sad picture indeed to present of one of our most noted New England Colleges; founded, like the others, to promote good learning and sound religion—that is, whatever is in the most absolute antagonism to those tendencies into which Yale is now said to have fallen. We have not yet read Dr. Bushnell's work, but mean to do so, if it be possible for a newspaper editor to read anything of the sort. But we will express our hope that the reverend author has made his principal assault upon the "fanaticism" in order to uproot its offshoot also. For fanaticism is the father of infidelity. The fountain must be dammed up, if you would check the stream.

The truth is, fanaticism—by which we mean bigotry and blind zeal in anything—religion, morals, politics—eats up Christianity. Anti-slavery, in fact, both among the College folks at New Haven and others "elsewhere," has made very strong progress towards taking the place of religion. Abolitionism is absorbing in its very nature, and there is always danger that one strongly possessed with this hallucination will have room in his mind for nothing else. He will thus think himself fairly on the way to heaven because he loves the idea of negro-emancipation with all his heart and soul; and if there be a corner for anything else, gives it to the indulgence of an equally ardent hatred for those who disagree with him in opinion. This is the philosophy of many marked changes in the former and better characteristics of New England. Free-thinking, that is, infidelity, is the natural fruit of fanaticism. Our New England clergy (too many of them) have much to answer for in this respect; and the sooner they retrace their steps, the better for them and the people. As soon as the Gospel begins to be preached purely again, without admixture of anti-slavery sentimentalism, the tide will begin to turn against "free-thinking and fanaticism." The ministry ought to have learned the lesson long before this. For this is chiefly the actual and evident source of our ills. It has loosened the hold of the clergy upon the mind of the people; and the latter, in learning to believe a lie, have lost their natural and obligatory reverence for the Truth.

These are no loose and hasty speculations, on our part, urged for mere political purposes; but they are the sober convictions of observation, experience and reason. If Yale College is justly subject to the imputation conveyed by the newspaper correspondent whom we have quoted, it utterly fails of answering the purposes for which it was founded, and is a seminary of mischief instead of a means of good. This is a plain, practical matter, demanding thorough investigation on the part of all interested in the public welfare. New England has been dreaming amid fatal delusions long enough. If Dr. Bushnell has done anything calculated to awaken her to a sense of her dangers, he has performed a work of incalculable value and consequence. We hope yet to see a higher and nobler spirit gain the ascendancy among us; more worthy of our former character, more worthy of intelligent and immortal minds.

ABOLITIONISTS will one day berate the South for tolerating slavery, and on the next, pocket the money "drawn from the sweat and blood" of slaves, so that it pays for their wares and merchandise. The hypocrisy extant at this day, in connection with professed philanthropy towards the slaves, is incredible. Let the South not be disturbed by it, but, as Mr. Hammond advises, remain in the Union, hold on to the great advantages she has already secured, and rely upon the integrity and patriotism of the great body of the North, to maintain the spirit of unity with her, and form a barrier against the impetuous rush of fanaticism, whether from the North or the South.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Selections.

RAREY ON BLINKERS.

BY GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D D.

TAKING up the New York *Observer* to look at the Editor's remarks on President Hopkins's views of the relations of the American Board to the subject of slavery, we lighted, in another column of the paper (whether it was a secular or religious column we cannot tell), on an article concerning Mr. Rarey's views on blinkers. It seems a wonderful discovery that horses can do without blinkers, or *blinders*, as we used to call them in New England; the discovery may possibly be extended, and it may yet be found that men as well as horses are quite as safe without *blinders*, and will run quite as well, quite as intelligently! Mr. Rarey states (according to *The Observer*) that the use of blinkers is rapidly disappearing in the United States, and predicts increased usefulness in the horse, when this folly of the nineteenth century is abolished in London.

In London they are taking the blinkers from the men and putting them on the horses; in this country they are taking them from the horses and putting them upon the men. To go safe and be kept under management in this country, institutions, corporations, boards, churches, pulpits, ministers, need blinkers. In England, where they are half the time under a fog, the method of treatment must of course be different, beginning with the horses. In this country, where the human chattels especially are in danger of being blasted with excess of light, blinkers cannot be dispensed with, and the proposition to abolish them savors of radicalism. Indeed, it is unsafe here to propose the *abolition* of anything.

On the subject of slavery, some of the friends of the American Board think we cannot get along without blinkers. Even side views of the Gospel against slavery they think will startle the whole team from its propriety. It ought to be driven straight in the direction of a pure Gospel, without aiming at any sin in particular, without being permitted to notice any sin in particular, and under the one plain rule of giving no offence anywhere, but especially at home; and therefore, in order that it may drive right in the midst of all manner of sin, and not be disturbed by it, or run against it, all vision but that which is *foreign*, and in a straight line with the pole of the carriage, must be excluded.

The inventions to gain this purpose, in more than one of our Ecclesiastical Corporations, are increasing, and some of them are very ingenious, and will be patented. Some of the best of them were the result of much thought in the putting together of some twelve or fifteen of the best and wisest heads of the country in committee. For example, the plan cut out for the Tract Society to issue tracts concerning the moral duties that grow out of the existence of slavery as an institution is a very fine specimen of the blinker. The point of excellence claiming the patent in this case was the exclusion of the ground idea of sin from the mental vision, of course dispensing with the use of the vexatious word sin, whether sin *per se* or merely sin *prohibitum*.

The methods of the Tract Society, with its *books*, contriving that men may drive straight through them from beginning to end, as a man of fashion might drive a span of horses down Broadway, without so much as knowing that such a sin as slavery, or the rebuke of it, ever existed, are good ingenious specimens of blinker. The covering up of the word slavery, because it is no bigger than a sixpence, is a very fine example of the blinkers. Inasmuch as they cannot put their blinkers on their readers, they must put them on their books; there is no alternative. Blinkers there must be; the world would go insane without blinkers; all eyes would be dazzled without blinkers; the most obfuscated, steadiest old fogies would become skittish as unbroken colts without blinkers; all our conservatives would startle at their own shadows without blinkers.

Blinkers there must be; you can never tame society without them; you can never subdue the caperings and prancings of free wild "cruisers," so as to make the highways of trade safe, without them. Nothing is so safe, as when men are harnessed in the domestic institution, moving at the touch of its reins, with their vision so barricaded that they can see nothing but what is straight before them, and are compelled to walk according to the range of their blinkers, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left.

The expunction, by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, of the article forbidding the buying and selling of human beings as sinful, but not meaning by such expunction to express any opinion in regard to slavery, was a similar ingenious specimen of the blinkers.

The scraping of the slave out of Ary Scheffer's picture, in order to fit it for the Prayer-Book, was a very remarkable specimen of the blinker. Nothing so effectually blinks a subject as the removal of it entirely out of sight. The scraping out of the text, "Remember them that are in bonds, as bound also with them," would be the same blinker applied to the New Testament.

The introduction and adoption in the general orthodox creed of the article that slavery is not sin in itself, and that only the evils growing out of it are to be reprobated, answers all the ends of every blinker yet patented. Even as an *evil*, regarded in this ingenious method, slavery is not *malum in etc.*, but only *malum prohibitum*.

The treatment of slavery as sin only in the concrete, but not in the abstract, or *vice versa* as sin only in the abstract, but not in the concrete, will answer the same purpose. If you succeed in preventing any definition of slavery except by its evils, you prevent also the condemnation, and have got one of the best blinkers possible.

The adoption of the rule that in all young men's associations, but especially Christian, no subject whatever shall be permitted to be discussed, concerning which there is any difference of opinion, is a wonderfully decisive and comprehensive method of the blinker. It is as good as charity soup-houses for the poor, to prevent the vexation of individual consciences with the question of their relief by employment.

The putting up of a sign-board over the doors of our prayer-meetings, informing the public that no controverted subjects are permitted to be introduced here, is an excellent mode of the blinker, to prevent the vagaries of radicalism under the pretence of grace. The removal of each black sheep, as fast as he enters, separating him from the white fold, and carrying him up stairs, is an additional security. The controversy is thus blinked, both in the abstract and the concrete, and the prayer-meeting is rendered as homogeneous and perfect a unity as a piece of concrete spar. There is also this advantage, that the black sheep is carried nearer heaven, and is above the prayers below, even if he be not the subject of them.

Let no man imagine, however, that the blinker is a modern invention. On the contrary, it was patented immediately after the fall, and perhaps the very first example of it, in Cain's hands, was, after all, the most perfect. "For the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel, thy brother? And he said, I know not. AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?" There is a blinker for you, "as *is* a blinker": it can scarcely be improved upon, though there may be great ingenuity in adorning and lastening it.

The reopening of the slave trade, and its coastwise protection, afford a great field for the blinker. The question of the right of search is an admirable political blinker, as good as a hatchway battened down over the whole mischief. The ignoring of a bill of indictment by the Grand Jury, against the owners and navigators of slave vessels, is as good as Caig's defiance, without its apparant insolence. Nevertheless, as to all modifications of Cain's patent, there are some difficulties. As for example, "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, *Behold we knew it not*; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? And he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? And shall not he render to every man according to his works?"

The famous maxim, *Our country, right or wrong, go it blind!* is a thorough specimen of the democratic blinker. A still more perfect example is the assertion of the inherent right of popular sovereignty to do wrong, and the plank in our judicial platform, that black men have no rights that white men are bound to respect. As good as this, and quite as comprehensive, ecclesiastically, is the fundamental plank, or principle, that nothing shall be said against sin, as sin, which does not meet the approbation of all evangelical Christians of every denomination.

The declaration that neither the Tract Society nor the American Board is an Anti-Slavery Society, is another fine specimen of the blinker. It has advantages even over the original patent; for it blinks the whole subject of slavery in the most perfect and decisive way. In regard to the American Board, for example, the New York *Observer* and the Boston *Recorder* announce this decision as *a declaration of independence*, cutting off all those thorns in the flesh, that have so provoked men's patience, in the shape of pricks and goads from anti-slavery radicals. Just as if either the American Board or the Tract Society could have anything to do with slavery in any way!

The recent Report of the Board on the Cherokee and Choctaw Missions is a very admirable instance of the practical blinker. When you can blink a difficulty or a sin, by turning it bodily over into other hands, it is out of your jurisdiction; you can never again be twitted with it, or called upon to wash your hands of it.

The effort of the New York *Evangelist*, and of the Stated Clerk of the General Assembly, to excuse the erasure of the testimony of God's Word against slavery, that testimony which denounced it as the guilt of manstealing, is a capital specimen of the blinker. So was the erasure itself a very curious and perfect specimen of the blinker. Ecclesiastical skill was never more needed, nor ever more happily exercised, in blinking the testimony of God's Word against sin. The explanation of the expunction is not so adroit, being more cumbrous, indeed, than the whole original Assembly's blinker, which was a very composed and compact thing. The Assembly of 1816 expunged the note against slavery; and simple expunction is the briefest, safest, most executive possible example of the blinker, the least liable to entanglement or misconception, and the least open to question. The Assembly of 1836 thought they could improve upon this patent, though, wherever sin is to be blinked, who could improve upon silence? There is exceeding great wisdom in silence.

However, some persons will be always tinkering, and can never be persuaded to let well alone; so the Assembly of 1836 explained that the testimony of God's Word being only in a note, the Assembly of 1794 had no business to put it in "The Book"; consequently, its insertion was not the work of the Church; consequently, neither was its expunction. This is an improvement, blinking the original blinker, somewhat as if McCormick's reaper should be so improved as to reap down itself, or the common scythe so amended as to cut off the legs of the mower instead of the grass. In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin, but he that refraineth his lips is wise.—*Independent.*

AMERICAN HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

SINCE the Agents and Officers of this Society (when in communication with people whom they suppose to hold anti-slavery principles), and many of its contributors and friends (who have too implicitly confided in the statements officially made to them), now make the claim that the American Home Missionary Society is free from complicity with slavery—and since few of the persons who bear this unfounded claim have at hand the means of disproving it—and since it is important to every Christian to understand whether this Society is diffusing the Christian religion or merely the popular American religion, or whether it is making an attempt to trim its course between the two, hoping thus to get contributions from both sides—we have thought it well to inquire into, and record in *The Liberator*, the testimony upon this point existing in the Annual Reports of the Society. The following are the facts in the case.

1. The mission Churches of the Society in slaveholding States (like those of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions among the Cherokee and Choctaw Indians) have always been allowed to receive and retain slaveholding members.

2. Like the Foreign Missionary Board, the Home Missionary Society volunteer to their missionaries the suggestion of various circumstances which they represent as valid excuses for slaveholding.

3. In further resemblance to the Foreign Missionary Board, side by side with their practical allowance of slaveholding as Christian by its reception into their Churches, the Society have interspersed in their published documents, for many years past, statements bearing *against* the system of slavery, sometimes very energetically. Most of these statements go no further than the representation of slavery as an evil, but some of them speak of it as a sin.

4. In yet further resemblance to the Foreign Missionary Board, they lay down the rule that the missionaries (with their respective Churches) have the exclusive power and right to decide upon the fitness of candidates for membership in those Churches; yet when the missionaries prostitute this power to the admission of slaveholders, the Society retain them as Christian ministers, and satisfactory representatives of Christianity.

5. On the other hand, when some of their missionaries have chosen to give instructions or adopt measures moderately unfavorable to slavery, the Society have vindicated their right to do so, even against the remonstrances of their few slaveholding patrons. Here a course of conduct different from that of the Foreign Missionary Board was preceded and accompanied by circumstances at least equally different.

6. A more marked feature of distinction between these two bodies appeared in 1857, when the Home Missionary Society adopted a rule implying that they considered slaveholding an unsatisfactory and suspicious relation, and declining to endorse it in any particular case, until inquiry and explanation had been made. It is chiefly on the strength of this rule that an anti-slavery character has been claimed for their line of policy and for their Society. With how little reason this claim has been made, an examination of the rule, and of its preceding and attendant circumstances, will show.

During the protracted investigation which resulted in showing the thoroughly pro-slavery character of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the attention of many persons was of course turned to the slaveholding existing in the Churches of the *Home* Missionary Society. Various petitions and memorials, remonstrating against this sin, were sent to the government of the Society, but without effect until, in the autumn of 1856, a memorial was sent from the General Association of Iowa, requesting the Home Missionary Society to withhold missionary appropriations from all Churches containing slaveholders.

After balancing this with the opposite alternative (of considering slaveholding Churches equally eligible with others as candidates for aid from the Society), they decided to split the difference, and adopt the only third course possible in the premises, namely, such a *discrimination* among slaveholding Churches as would enable them to avoid the reproach of consenting to the shelter of the grosser specimens of that sin under the communion table. They embodied this decision in the following resolution, which was published on pp. 128-9 of the 31st Annual Report, May, 1857:

Resolved, That in the disbursement of the funds committed to their trust, the Committee will not grant aid to Churches containing slaveholding members, unless evidence be furnished that the relation is such as, in the judgment of the Committee, is justifiable, for the time being, in the peculiar circumstances in which it exists.

Fortunately, the vagueness of this rule, which leaves everything to the disposal of the existing "Committee," and which might, for aught we know, be made to exclude only cases like that of Deacon Netherland, of Tennessee, who amused himself by killing his slave with a handsaw—is relieved a little by a specification of the sort of questions which "the Committee" propose to ask before admitting a slaveholding Church to their list of beneficiaries, as follows:

"For example, they wish to know, as heretofore, and perhaps rather more definitely than heretofore, whether their missionary agents, and the Churches to which they minister, regard their system [slavery] as a divine and benevolent institution, to be perpetuated and extended throughout the land—whether 'they hold slaves from principle and choice,' and to an extent limited only by their means of purchase—whether they regard and practice the buying and exportation of slaves as a legitimate branch of industry—whether the family relation among slaves is inviolable, or is subject to the convenience and profit of the master—whether members of the Church buy and sell their brethren and sisters in Christ as articles of merchandise—whether the slaves are kept in ignorance of God's Word, and of that only way of salvation which it reveals."

Since the Executive Committee of the Home Missionary Society have presented these as specimens of the questions they would wish to ask in examining the applicant for aid to a slaveholding Church, it is evident that some of the possible forms of reply will be satisfactory to the querist, and will entitle the Church in question to aid at their hands, in spite of its slaveholding. Let us suppose that the respondent in this examination should seriously present, in reply, the following statements: that the minister and Church in question do *not* regard the system of slavery as either divine or benevolent, or as fit for perpetuity or extension; that they do *not* hold slaves from principle or choice, but by what they regard (and what the Society has hinted to them that they may *properly* regard) as an unfortunate necessity; that they do *not* practise the rearing of slaves for exportation, nor regard that as a legitimate branch of industry; that they subordinate both the convenience and profit of the master to a preservation of the family relation among the slaves; that they invariably refuse to sell those slaves who are members of the Church; and that oral instruction is faithfully given to the slaves in regard to the Word of God and the way of salvation. Let us suppose that a further question brings out the reply (coincident with the strongest intimation given in this Report, p. 56, of the opinion of the Executive Committee themselves in regard to slavery) that "the principles of the Gospel require its *ultimate* extinction"; and finally, let us suppose that, not only by garnish of pious talk, but by the strongest possible expressions of honesty and earnestness in language and manner, the respondent should assure the Committee that their idea of the sort of slaveholding at present allowable was the very one received and practised by his Church! What an enormous amount of oppression, what a prolific fountain of depravation to the slave, the master, the Church and the community, would still remain in the elements of slavery left untouched by this catechism! Would *their* slaves, any more than those of the profanest drunkard or Sabbath-breaker, possess that *liberty*, or that free scope in the pursuit of happiness, to which God gave them "an inalienable right"? If the customary improvidence of slaveholders should bring their *property* (so-called) into the hands of the sheriff, would be imitate their pious (!) scruple, and sell only those articles of merchandise which are *not* their master's "brethren and sisters in Christ"? Would the Netherlands and Legrees of the place recognize and quote them as brother slaveholders one particle less, to use their respectability, their morality (!) and their piety (!!) as a shield against anti-slavery truth one particle less for that little private catechism in some snug closet of the "Bible House, Astor Place, New York"?

But, be it remembered, we have proceeded thus far on the supposition that the position of the slaveholding Church in question is the very most favorable that possibility will allow to that relation, and that its members are in all points like-minded with the Reverend functionaries of the Home Missionary Society, looking, with them, to the "*ultimate* extinction" of slavery as a highly desirable thing. The license for slaveholding given by the Home Missionary Society to those who answer the proposed catechism correctly, *at the very best*, is burdened with *this* amount of evil! But why should we be confined to this extravagantly improbable hypothesis? What if we take the far more likely supposition, that the slaveholding church-member in question is a liar as well as a slaveholder, and that his testimony upon the point in question, or upon any other in which his interest or credit is concerned, is utterly unreliable? Is it of course to be taken for granted that a robber will speak the truth? Did we not know, from the very nature of slavery—long before Dr. Parsons gave us his* narrative of the deliberate and elaborate lies told by slaveholding church-members to deceive him—that every sort of evil fruit is to be expected from so corrupt a tree? But if the Reverend gentlemen of the Home Missionary Society give their open license to a class of slaveholders who are *falsely* represented as of the more outwardly decent and reputable sort, who shall compute the amount of harm flowing from this single act, to the slave and the master, the family and the community, the Church and the world?

In further evidence that the Home Missionary Society are seeking rather to escape the reproach than to avoid the sin of complicity with slavery, we may mention that their last Annual Report (May, 1858), neither copies the rule on slavery which was adopted the previous year, and published in that year's Report, nor alludes to it in any manner whatever. No intimation is given in this Report that there is any peculiar rule modifying the aid offered in the case of slaveholding Churches; and the elaborate directions respecting applications for aid neither intimate that slaveholding Churches will be less readily helped than others nor require any specification from the candidate for aid as to whether it does or does not hold slaves. Here is their paragraph of directions to applicants, with their own *italics* designating the more important particulars:

"*Application for Aid.*—Feeble congregations, applying for aid in supporting the Gospel, are requested to embody in their application the following particulars, viz.:

"The name of the church or congregation; the number of communicants, and the average number of attendants on public worship; the denomination and size of congregation immediately contiguous, with the distance to their places of worship; the total amount of salary which the applicants propose to make up, the portion of that salary which they pledge for the given time, and the arrangements that are made for securing it; whether aid is expected from any other source; and the least amount which will suffice from this Society; *whether the minister for whom a commission is desired is the pastor of the Church, or, if not, whether any arrangements are made or contemplated in the course of the year with reference to his instalment.* These statements should be signed by the trustees and elders or deacons, or by a committee of the congregation, and confirmed by the certificates of two or more clergymen, acquainted with the facts."

We see from the above that, in its toleration of slaveholding as Christian, the Home Missionary Society differs from the American Board of Foreign Missions in degree only, not in kind; and alike as opponents of slavery, and as friends of true Christianity, we are called by our duties to God and man to protest against the former of these as actively and strenuously as against the latter.—C. K. W. —*Liberator.*

* "Inside View of Slavery: or a Tour among the Planters. By C. G. Parsons, M D. With an Introductory Note by Mrs. H. B. Stowe." 12 mo., pp. 318.

THE SCHEME TO GET CUBA.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19, 1859.

THE Democratic members of Congress have ostensibly resolved themselves into a Committee of Ways and Means on the question of Cuba. Some propose to buy it, some to get it under false pretences, some to take it under the Manifest Destiny dodge, some to steal it in a mean way, and some to take it boldly, highwayman fashion.

These various methods will each have their advocates in the discussions already commenced in Congress. The sovereign people can be considering the various points here presented for themselves, while the discussions progress. It is hardly worth while for them to wait to read the speeches thereon. They will be variations of the same tune, a tune that may be fairly denominated the political Rogue's March.

It may be a relief for the public to understand distinctly in advance that this Cuba demonstration is not real, but is merely a political movement set on foot for a double object. The first is to attempt to embarrass the Republican party in the free States, and the second is to conciliate the filibustering element, wounded by assaults on Walker and his piratical confederates.

The Sham Democracy, it is well known, is in straits in the free States. The party is broken and demoralized. If something is not done to arrest its disintegration, it is plainly to be seen that it will be utterly past recovery everywhere. With this view pressing upon them, the leaders have held a solemn conclave here to decide what shall be done. The result is in the springing of the Cuba question upon the country in its present form. It is not done with a view of obtaining Cuba. It is not because there is the least chance of obtaining Cuba now or at any fixed period in the future; for every public man of intelligence sees and knows that, in the present temper of Spain, and in the existing attitude of other great European powers, there is no present hope of the acquisition of that island. The real object of springing the question is to start a public discussion that may, in its various ramifications and bearings, by some possibility, somewhere or at some time, embarrass the Republican party. The chance is small, but it is deemed better than none. We cannot say that the attempt should be unqualifiedly condemned. Some reasonable consideration is due to the schismatic and failing condition of the Democratic party. There is an evident necessity for it to do something to save itself. Suppose we admit, then, that it may as well demagogue on Cuba as on anything else.

There is another consideration that prompts to the movement, which is partly political and partly personal. The filibuster element is just now at odds with the Administration. This comes about after this wise: Everybody remembers the Ostend Manifesto of that famous diplomatic trio, Messrs. Soule, Mason and Buchanan. Everybody does not know how it was brought about. Soule was the father of the movement. He devised the scheme of the conference, got up the meeting, and wrote the manifesto. Mr. Buchanan's natural repugnance was conquered by the manipulations of the wily Frenchman. His magnetic force and basilisk eye did the business for the facile Pennsylvanian. But, as Mr. Buchanan was moved by Presidential considerations, it did not answer his purposes for Mr. Soule to be understood to be the author of the manifesto. Mr. Buchanan accordingly re-wrote it, and it exists to-day both in its original and in its copied form, the difference between the two being—not much.

Mr. Buchanan repented him and relapsed shortly after; or at least he declined to coincide with the ardent and fantastic views of the real author of the movement, and to cooperate with him, under his lead, in his Quixotic scheme to seize upon Cuba while France and England had their hands full in the Crimea. Thence arose, first a coolness, and then a hostility. Mr. Buchanan became President, turned Soulé and his Ostend doctrines adrift, and relapsed into his normal condition of anti-filibusterism. He has been harrassed by Soule with his various filibustering enterprises, from that day to this. For Mr. Soule is the real man who stands behind Mr. William Walker and furnishes the brains that sustain all the astonishing achievements of that depredator, and creates such consternation in the columns of *The Washington Union* and in Humbugdom generally, lest the French and English and American fleets in the seas of Central America should all be insufficient to withstand the titanic shock threatened by a few dozen ragamuffins launched upon that country from the Bay of Mobile and the contiguous waters of the Gulf.

But there is something more. Mr. Soule is the bitter antagonist of Mr. Slidell and Mr. Benjamin, and he wants the latter's place in the Senate. To be sure, there are other candidates for it, Mr. Sandige among them. But Mr. Soulé has his own aims; and he is, of all others, the man to believe that thing can be done. Mr. Soule is a man of sensations and surprises. He flatters himself that no man can play the loon better than he, who, while he dives in one direction, disappoints the observer by coming up in another. Mr. Slidell recognizes the position of things, and wishes to conciliate the filibustering element for his own purposes. While his hand was not seen, he was yet a principal mover in the getting up of the Senatorial Caucus on Saturday night last, at which the Cuba movement was finally determined on as a party measure.

At this point may be observed another phase of the personal bearings of this transaction. Mr. Douglas was present. The Mr. Douglas who was so heartily welcomed and lionized by Mr. Soulé and his friends, a few weeks ago, at New Orleans. The Mr. Douglas who, a few days ago, entered the Senate, and upon whom, at the time, Messrs. Slidell and Benjamin resolutely, and almost offensively, turned their backs, while he was receiving the congratulations of his friends. This same Mr. Douglas entered Mr. Slidell and Mr. Buchanan's caucus, and outfilibustered them by proposing to get up another Black Warrior affair, and make it a pretext for seizing Cuba, inwardly grinning a defiance to them to outfilibuster that delightful proposition if they could.

Such, in brief, are the political and personal reasons for presenting the Cuba question in its present form. It is not expected, or at least it is not possible, to drive the project to a vote at this session. It is the short session, and but little time is left to mature and pass the appropriation bills, and this gives the Republicans the control of the question. But the subject will be got ready for its fullest spread at the next, provided the majority like the looks of the discussion and the drift of events.

Of course, those who have contrived this notable scheme pretend to be anxious to know how it will be met by the Republicans. We can hardly conceive that they should have any doubt on the subject. The Republicans will not, nor will any other great body of the American people, oppose the acquisition of Cuba, whenever that island can be honorably obtained on proper terms. But it is to utterly ignore the great contest for supremacy now being waged in this government, between the free States on the one hand and the Slave Power on the other, to suppose for a moment that the Republicans will advocate the acquisition of Cuba except under the application of the Wilmot Proviso—except as a free State. This is the first vital condition. The second would be the stipulation, to be inexorably maintained, that the Roman Catholic religion should there be stripped of its controlling power and domination, and be reduced to the level of all other religious sects. The Slave Power and the Roman Catholic hierarchy will, of course, act in conjunction to prevent the adoption of either of these prime conditions to the acquisition of that island; but when, in the fullness of time, Cuba shall come, as it must and will, we may fairly presume upon the intelligence of the people to affix such conditions to its acquisition as will not only advance the commerce of the country, but promote its progress in the humane and beneficent objects of the illustrious founders of the government.

As to the particular project emanating from the Senate Committee to entrust thirty millions to the President for corruption purposes, to be used when and where he pleases, at home or abroad, to buy up a mercenary horde of rapacious scoundrels, whether in his own country or in Spain, it can receive neither favor nor quarter from any but blind and unscrupulous partisans. It is a bold, bad project, to be denounced by every man of honor or honesty.

J. S. P.

THE EARL OF CARLISLE ON SLAVERY.

AT the *soirée* of the Leeds Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society, held on the 28th ult., the orator of the evening was the Earl of CARLISLE, who, of course, made slavery his topic. We take the following extract from his remarks as reported in the London *Times*:

Their own hands, thanks to the Almighty goodness, were entirely clean (applause). Why, then, it might be asked, did the young men of Leeds and other towns feel themselves called upon to constitute Anti-Slavery Associations and hold anti-slavery meetings? Perhaps it might not be an imperative duty, but he was sure that it was a righteous exhibition of feeling and a graceful act of sympathy (applause). They had not now to learn in how large a portion of the United States of America slavery still prevailed (hear, hear). He did not affect on that account to draw up a bill of indictment against the American nation; he did not presume to assert that the system was incompatible either with the name of a Briton or the faith of a Christian. The complicity of this country had been too recent to make him feel himself authorized to be the person to make that charge, whatever inherent truth there might be in it; he could not erase from his memory also the knowledge that it was the mother country that originally inoculated her off-spring with the pest, and he felt conscious that in early life many of his own acquaintance held property in man; but, on the other hand, he knew that there was now across the wide Atlantic a noble brotherhood—aye, and a noble sisterhood too, he was proud to say (applause)—who were straining every nerve, who were devoting time, opportunity and health—who were sacrificing station, popularity, power—nay, who were even periling limb and life, who had caught the mantle of the Clarksons, the Wilberforces, the Broughams, and the Buxtons of this country, and who were now entering upon the costly career of self-devotion and self-sacrifice to do the same work and achieve the same result. Every *information that had lately been received from the United States tended to show that a crisis was approaching, if it had not already come*; the leaven was fermenting, effervescing fast and hot; the struggle was becoming every day more intense, more fierce, more pervading (hear, hear). Had not some of them lately read instances of treatment of slaves which transcended even the usual depth and blackness of horror? (Hear, hear.) Had they not seen, what was perhaps a sort of indication still more to be relied upon, that, for instance, a Convention of the State of Maryland had decreed that, after a certain period, all "free blacks," as they condescended to call them, were to be banished from their country? When he was in the United States, 17 years ago, he was much struck by the circumstance that, whereas in this country the great Abolitionist leaders were always held in honor and spoken of with respect even by those who might not feel much sympathy with their views, in the United States he hardly ever heard the Abolitionists spoken of, except in terms of slight and contempt (hear, hear). *He imagined this was now very greatly altered* (hear, hear). Abolitionists had become in the eyes of their opponents more formidable, if not more acceptable. They excited fear, hatred, rage, but no longer contempt (hear, hear). The advocates of slavery attacked his valued friend, Charles Sumner (applause), as he sat quiet and unspeaking in his seat in the Senate House of his country, and nearly took away his life, and then presented the executioner with votive canes and imitative cudgels; but battery and assault, mutilation and murder, were indications of hostility, alarm and consternation, not of indifference and contempt (applause). They might depend upon it that *the cause of the Abolitionists was making real, palpable and daily progress* (hear, hear). It entered now into every phase of private, social and domestic life; every decision of the courts of law teemed with it; it was matter of comment either as being adverted to or omitted in the teachings of the pulpit; it entered into almost every election of members of Congress, of Senators, of Governors of States, and might, perhaps, before long, influence even the selection of the President of the Union (applause). Under these circumstances he wished that the voice of sympathy, hope and encouragement, even from old Europe, old England and old Yorkshire (applause), might not be wholly wanting (hear, hear). They had been reminded by his Worship the Mayor that indications had not been wanting in the great neighboring empire of France that the claims of liberty, which were not treated with inviolate respect in the interior relations of that country, might also meet with but scant observance in its exterior relations (hear, hear). He would not touch upon the question of the lawfulness of the ships and cruisers of this country ascertaining the *bonâ fide* character of other vessels—whether they were engaged under the lawful flag of their country or merely piratical and slave-carrying vessels. That question might for the moment be involved in some embarrassment, which he should be sorry by any observations of his to increase, especially as he could not tell exactly how it precisely stood (hear, hear). He must say upon this head that he thought some of the Abolitionists of the United States themselves (in speaking of this question last year, and of the part this country had taken) *did not evince such generosity or gratitude for the efficient part which Great Britain had always taken in every measure for the suppression of the slave trade* (applause). But whatever this country did for that great, he had almost said that God-like purpose, it had not in view the thanks and gratitude of men, and it might well pass without them (applause). What he felt anxious about was that the demonstration of the feelings which animated the people of the country on this class of subjects, and which was evinced by the existence of Anti-Slavery Societies, should serve to show their own rulers, their own Parliament, and mankind at large, that in all the essential questions relating to slavery or the slave trade they would be true to themselves and true to the great part which their fathers played in this immortal cause (loud applause). Most fervent, indeed, was his hope that the present display of the spirit that was within them might even make itself felt and known across the wide world of waters—to those among whom the cause was still only militant and not triumphant (applause). There was a sublime notion connected with the laws of sound, namely, that all sound whatever, even the mildest word which escaped their lips, was never wholly lost, but was so impelled by the undulations of the air, or whatever the medium might be, as to leave its impress through all space and during all time. Such a notion seemed to invest their utterances with new and undreamt-of responsibilities (hear). Even the very youngest person had been startled by the marvellous effects of electric communication; and he asked them only to figure to themselves that, by a chain of connections and sympathies, even more to be relied on than the great Atlantic cable which still lay submerged at the bottom of the deep, they were, from the Town Hall of Leeds, wafting that night across the mighty ocean to those rugged steeps once trod by the Pilgrim Fathers—to those wide plains where Washington unfurled the standard of Independence, or (to present the exact reverse picture) to the rice swamp, the sugar plantation, and the slave mart, where the slave still toiled and bled and was s

I hope you will answer this. If you request it, I will come to Richmond to see you as soon as my school is out, and also furnish you with a list—a large list—of signers in behalf of my cause, and among them honorable and wealthy men. So please to answer as soon as possible, and let me know the whole matter. Direct your letters to Romine's Mills, Harrison County, Va.

I remain yours, &c. JESSE M. CHIDESTER.

To his Excellency Henry A. Wise, Governor of Virginia.

The Barbour *Jeffersonian*, of the 7th inst., publishes the following communication containing a statement in some particulars differing from that of Chidester:

PERL TREE, Barbour County, Dec. 23, 1858.

EDITOR JEFFERSONIAN—*Sir*: Having occasion to go to Romine's Mills to-day, I found an excitement prevailing amongst a number of persons assembled at Hood's tavern to talk over the circumstances connected with the arrest on the 12th of one Jesse M. Chidester, by virtue of a warrant issued by Governor Wise, upon the requisition of the Governor of Ohio, charged with stealing a horse in Champaign County, Ohio, within the last twelve months. The arrest was made by a Mr. Owens, known to Chidester as the sheriff of the said Champaign County, assisted by the sheriff of Doddridge County, in this State.

Chidester's version, substantially conceded by Owens, was that when residing in one of the counties of Kentucky, bordering on the Ohio river, a negro man slave escaped into Ohio, and Chidester, having reason to believe that he was lurking in the vicinity of his (Chidester's) mother's, who formerly lived in Harrison County, and for a number of years has resided near Urbana, Ohio, purchased the negro from the owner, captured him in Champaign County, and was in the act of carrying him back to Kentucky, when a host of Abolitionists rose in arms, rescued the negro, and Chidester, seeing his life in danger, mounted a horse, furnished by a friend, who caught it up under the excitement of the moment, upon which he fled into Kentucky, turning the horse loose upon the bank of the Ohio river. He was afterwards indicted by the Grand Jury of Champaign County, upon which a requisition was made and granted. Of course the abolition features were suppressed, or Governor Wise would never have touched it. And I doubt, had the facts been known to our people generally, whether the arrest could have been made at Romine's Mills. If the fanatics of Ohio are allowed with impunity to steal and withhold their neighbors' property, why should they complain at the loss of a horse, when a speedy exit from their soil is rendered the only alternative for the safety of life and limb?

Chidester is an intelligent, agreeable young man, and has stamped upon his countenance such marks of innocence that no man could take him for a common thief. I think the facts should be noticed by the press. S.

We cannot go to the same length with Mr. Chidester, and advocate horse-stealing in Ohio as a proper and justifiable method of retaliation for slave-stealing in Virginia; but we appeal to our Northern friends to bear us out in the position that the prompt extradition by the Governor of Virginia of a fugitive from Ohio, charged with horse-stealing, requires equally prompt extradition by the Governor of Ohio, not only of fugitive slaves from Virginia, but fugitives from justice charged with stealing slaves.

THE VOICE OF SPAIN.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE IN THE CORTES.

THE *Tribune* translates the official report of the debate in the Spanish Cortes, December 31, on the subject of the President's Message. Señor Ulloa is the Director-General of the Colonies; Señor Calderon Collantes, Minister of State, and Señor Olozaga leader of the opposition (formerly Prime Minister). The vote upon the resolution was unanimous, the opposition of all shades falling in and voting to sustain the government "to preserve the integrity of the Spanish dominions."

SENOR ULLOA—Gentlemen: I am about to occupy the Cortes a few moments with one of those questions which always arouse a unanimous feeling in a noble and generous people like our own; one of those questions which, when put, are always instantly answered, because there is, because there can be, but one answer for them; a document of great importance, which, by this time, has attracted the attention of the world, and has, without doubt, excited the greatest surprise, even in the indifferent; which contains a blunder which is offensive to the Spanish nation, a continued and concerted offence, to which the Spanish nation, in my opinion, ought to reply with dignity and energy through its legitimate representatives. I allude, gentlemen, to the message of the President of the United States—to that portion which has reference to the annexation of the Island of Cuba.

I will not speak of this demand, constantly repeated by the United States, that the Captain-General of Cuba should be invested with full power to treat on international affairs, which is the exclusive prerogative of the supreme government. Nor will I speak of those philanthropic pretensions which are put forth in that discourse in favor of the African race, which, indeed, are strange enough, coming as they do from a country where there are States in which slavery is preserved in its most repugnant form; where this unhappy race is treated like a race of brutes; and where severe punishments, the most atrocious penalties, are imposed, not only upon those who have committed the crime of getting a little instruction, but also who are caught in the fulfilment of their religious duties. I enter, therefore, fully upon two points which are the objects of my remarks. [Señor Ulloa here quoted from the Message.]

Here the question of the purchase of Cuba by the United States is put in a very clear manner, and this pressing it after the refusals which have been given to former purchasers, I believe to involve an offence to Spanish honor and dignity. I feel very sure that the President of the United States is heaping this labor upon the vast amount which is now pending in the American Congress, although it must be completely useless, since it concerns a negotiation which is impossible; at least, I believe that in saying so I speak the general sentiments of the country. The President of the United States and the party which he there represents, known as the Annexationist party, must be convinced that Spain will not part with a square inch of territory; that Spain is not going to sell, for a mess of pottage, the last sign of her birthright which now remains to her in America; this birthright which she conquered by discovery and by civilization; this birthright which is borne witness to by the identity of race, the identity of traditions, customs, religion and idiom, which are seen over a great portion of the American Continent. Fortunately we are not poor enough to have to live upon the price of this sale; but were we much poorer than we are, Spain would never have recourse to such means to get out of her difficulties. This mercantile policy, in the least noble sense of the word, which is known in the United States under the name of the Monroe policy, and which the present President of the United States has adopted with so much enthusiasm, will forever encounter in Spain a feeling of repulsion which is fostered by the Castilian nobility. This must be known once for all. But such is the eagerness of the President of the United States and the party which he represents, in which I do not include the majority of the United States, whose good sense and prudence are known to all—such is his eagerness, I say, that, presuming upon the end which these strange negotiations must have, he enters into the mysteries of the future, and presents to us a menace in the distance. I read his very words:

"This course we shall ever pursue, unless circumstances should occur, which we do not now anticipate, rendering a departure from it clearly justifiable, under the imperative and overruling law of self-preservation."

As gentlemen will notice, this language is sufficiently explicit; the idea is involved in none of those diplomatic nebulosities which are generally used in this class of documents. I am glad of it, and I believe that this House and all Spain will join with me in this for two reasons; first, because civilized Europe shall by this know what are the intentions of a political party of the United States, which is powerful enough to raise its chiefs to the supreme magistracy, and shall also appreciate to the full the new principle of the law of nations, which, according to the happy phrase of a French paper, consists in "proclaiming the right of forcible appropriation for cause of American utility"; and secondly, because when these intentions are known, her Majesty's government, and the whole nation, will prepare against the contingency with which we are threatened; and when these circumstances which Mr. Buchanan speaks of shall come, the Spanish nation may reply, as did the Greek hero: "You want Cuba; then come and take her." The island of Cuba is to-day defended by the spirit of her inhabitants, who, I am sure, have no desire to lose their religion, customs, language, traditions, all that characterizes a people, in those of a rival and dominant race. The island of Cuba is defended by the patriotism and valor of our army and navy. The island of Cuba is defended by the administration of the metropolis, which is developing in a fabulous way its elements of riches and power; and above all, it is defended by the incontestable right of the Spanish nation, which will always be superior to, always more powerful than, any which this power invokes, which are invoked, or can be invoked by the President of the United States, or any party which may attempt what is indicated in this message.

I conclude by asking her Majesty's government, and in particular the honorable Minister of State, to make this manifestation, which, coming from their lips, can but be dignified and patriotic; and the honorable members who are sitting on these benches, that they will for a few minutes throw aside the feelings of party, to consider a grave and important matter, in which the honor of our country is involved.

The MINISTER OF STATE (Calderon Collantes)—Gentlemen: The House will see that I cannot follow Señor Ulloa through all the facts, all the circumstances to which he has had occasion to refer. I am glad, nevertheless, that that gentleman, inspired by the purest sentiment of patriotism, and by zeal for the interests and honor of our beloved country, has brought forward this matter, placing her Majesty's government in the most advantageous position to explain, with all the circumspection which its nature demands, the opinion which it has formed upon the document to which the gentleman has referred. It is not strange that, being so important, by its character and by the authority from which it emanates, it has made a strong and deep impression upon the minds of the members of this House, as it certainly has caused in the minds of all Spaniards. Nevertheless, this impression will be calmed, when I have the honor to show to the House, as briefly as the matter permits, that our relations with the government of the American Union, in the six months during which I have been Minister of State, and the depositary of the confidence of the Crown, have been the most cordial, even the most affectionate. I could, therefore, but be surprised that it should be said in this document that our relations are in an unsatisfactory state. I have hardly thought it necessary to hold long conferences with the worthy representative of the Anglo-American Republic. The few which I have held with him have been all so cordial, so affectionate, so intimate, that I was profoundly convinced that the relations between the two governments were perfectly friendly, and that they ran no risk of disturbance.

[Señor Collantes here recapitulates several of the negotiations between the two countries, and refers to the past history of Spain.]

Could any one believe, either in or out of Spain, that this country, which brought an unknown world into communication with the civilized world, which carried them all the civilization it possessed, then the most perfect civilization in the world, but which, by the effect of the vicissitudes of time, has lost some previous discoveries, some rich and important conquests, will renounce the last of them all—relic of all its ancient glories, and, as it were, emblem of the Spanish power? No; no one can believe it, either within Spain or out of Spain; no one can fear it; neither the Cortes nor the government, depository of the national honor, can ever consent to such an injury.

To-day, to-morrow, on whatever occasion, prosperous or adverse, whether Fortune smiles upon us or, as she has so often done, turns her back upon us, the Spanish nation will never be insensible to its honor, will never dispossess itself of the least part of its territory; and any proposition made with that object will be considered by the government as an insult offered to the nation (hear, hear). The sentiment of nationality, which has been supposed to be weakened, and which, unfortunately, has somewhat declined in consequence of our intestine discords, this sentiment—the origin of such great deeds, fountain of the most generous and heroic inspiration—reappears with new force, develops itself, acquires from day to day the vigor necessary not to be aggressive, not to aim at conquest and domination, but, also, never to consent to the least diminution of the inheritance which our fathers handed down to us as a sacred deposit. I have said that our policy will not be aggressive, will not aim at a special influence, or a protectorate over other independent countries; and it is my duty to make this declaration in the name of her Majesty's government. Into whatever dissension one government may fall with another, into whatever discord a country may fall, the Spanish government, should it find itself in the necessity of acting, will only endeavor to sustain the rights of the nation. In the questions in which we are involved, our sole care shall be that Spanish honor will come forth unhurt, pure, immaculate; and when the contest shall have arrived at a satisfactory result, we shall exact no advantage of any description. This policy we have pursued with the greatest decision, and we shall follow it on all questions that can arise. The system of the Spanish government, the system of the present cabinet, is that of the highest circumspection, prudence and moderation in foreign affairs—but, at the same time, energy and firmness—certain that whenever it may be necessary to appeal to the public spirit, whenever the national honor should be in question, there will be no difference of opinion, and that then men of all parties will combine their efforts to save the national honor and to preserve the Spanish monarchy in all its integrity. I am certain that these sentiments of justice, of moderation and of dignity animate all the members of the Cortes. By manifesting them in the unanimous and solemn manner which I hope for, they will give new strength to the government of her Majesty in directing the destinies of the country, and will increase, if possible, the confidence inspired by its decision in behalf of the well-being and honor of this *patria*, worthy of all our toils and sacrifices, and meritorious of the noblest destiny (loud and long-continued applause).

The resolution of Señor Olozaga was then read, as follows:

We pray the Cortes to declare that it has heard with the greatest satisfaction the explanations given by the government, and that it adheres to the sentiment of those explanations, and is ready to give its constant support to the preservation of the Spanish dominions.

SEN. OLOZAGA—I shall say but few words to ask you to do what is in the minds of all. The other day, while opposing the projected reply to the speech from the throne, I made an allusion to the Message of the President of the United States, and then I could say nothing but that in regard to what was set forth in that so singular document, I desired doubly that the Spanish government should have all the force and support of the nation, and particularly of its representatives, whenever it be called upon to preserve the honor of our arms, and to defend the legitimate interests of Spaniards, in whatever part of the world they may be attacked. To-day I have witnessed with much satisfaction the opportune interpolation of Sen. Ulloa, and like members of this body. I have heard with profound pleasure the patriotic and worthy declarations of the Minister of State. It has been, above all, most agreeable to me to learn from his Excellency the good relations which the Spanish government has succeeded in preserving with the government of the American Union.

Having said this, gentlemen, it would be improper for me to continue or to delay the moment, which you all desire, of showing that there are no parties in Spain, nor any difference of opinion among Spaniards, upon the question of the conservation, the dignity and the honor, which is of more account than all the interests of the world. I desire, above all, and I hope that the House will approve this proposition, in the national dignity, in the interest of this very island of Cuba, whose religion, whose customs, whose laws, whose traditions, whose existence, whose future absolutely depend on the preservation of union with the mother country, and also in the interest of this very American nation, the most singular prodigy of this century, and which admits of no comparison with any of the great accretions of wealth and power of the antique republics—I desire it for the future of this people, which we cannot fail to admire and to love, provided that it does not invade, but respect the just rights of others, in order that a precedent so fatal to the public law of nations may not be admitted, and that importance may not be attributed to that which is not important, as the Minister of State has shown, since there is no government without its vices, its defects and its inconveniences, and since, in the American government, all these inconveniences are manifested at the approach of a Presidential election. From all these considerations, and from the sentiments that animate my heart, as they do those of all Spaniards, I believe that we ought to give a complete support to her Majesty's government, the depository of the honor and guardian of the integrity of all the provinces of Spain.

And the resolution, taken up by unanimous consent, was unanimously adopted.

DOUGLAS RECONCILED TO THE ADMINISTRATION.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

WASHINGTON, January 17, 1859.

MR. DOUGLAS has been "broken in." He entered the Administration Senatorial caucus on Saturday, and participated fully in its proceedings. The object of the caucus was to bring forward Mr. Buchanan's scheme of obtaining Cuba. Mr. Douglas took pains to say that he was in favor of putting $30,000,000 in the hands of Mr. Buchanan to aid him in carrying it out. His confidence in the President was unbounded. Whether cowed or coaxed into reconciliation, he has no more quarrels with Slidell, and assures him that he will vote for his bill granting the extraordinary power to the President.

Senator Douglas has pursued this retrograde course without any consultation with his Congressional anti-Lecompton friends. They are mortified, but not disheartened. They will not abandon a great principle for a man, especially one who has proved recreant to that principle. Some of them denounce his course; others remain silent, but their silence is expressive of more than words can utter. Douglas seems particularly anxious to pacify the men who treat him with the most contempt. Davis, of Mississippi, snubbed him for his sycophancy. Slidell did not thank him for his support. The fire-eaters, without an exception, despise him. They know that he is catering for the Charleston nomination, and see through his conduct in caucus, and they will checkmate him in his aspirations for the Charleston nomination. Davis, of Mississippi, will never abandon his scheme of reproducing ex-President Pierce as a candidate of the Charleston Convention. Hunter, Wise, Breckenridge, Brown of Mississippi and Postmaster Brown, Toombs, Hammond, Orr and Buchanan—all candidates for that nomination—will severally watch him with unslacking jealousy.

This last act of Douglas has finally deprived him of the waning confidence of his late Congressional anti-Lecompton compeers. They will seek another standard-bearer. If they do not decide to take their chances with the great Northern party in 1860, they will organize a third party, and give their votes for some such ticket as Broderick, of California, and Davis, of Indiana, or Walker and Stanton. There is some curiosity to know what course Mr. Forney will pursue in this matter, but those who know the determined and unhesitating manner which has marked his career since he divided with the Administration have little doubt what his course will be. Unrelenting hostility to the present Administration and to the arrogance of the Southern Democrats is a part of his creed, if it may be so called.

An attempt is made to employ Mr. Douglas, in the ensuing election in New Hampshire, against the Republicans in the First and Second Congressional Districts.

H.

MOUNT VERNON SMALL-TALK.—If Mr. Everett were an aspirant for the Presidency—and who will affirm that he is not?—we should recommend a committee of twelve to superintend his correspondence with the people through the columns of *The Ledger*. We do not doubt that an elephant can be taught to pick out the letters of the alphabet and to dance a hornpipe, or that such entertainments, properly advertised, would draw a crowd. But we should be sorry to see a fine white elephant, the prince of its race, worthy to bear the canopy of kings, subjected to such an ignoble exhibition. Mr. Everett, prince of scholars and of orators, the ornament of the highest walks of literature, chosen by the very nobility of his fame to bear the cenotaph of Washington, should not be suffered to dance elephantine hornpipes in a common menagerie. Cannot some friend of Mr. Everett, nearer to his person than we, suggest to him that wit and humor are not his forte; that even the pleasantries of his orations and addresses are often elaborate and strained, and that three columns of small-talk about the demolition of Franklin's house, and the mode of loading, steering and unloading a Boston truck, are unworthy of his pen and his cause? If either Luther or Coleridge had made a book of his own table-talk, it would have been an intolerable bore. The "talk" which has come down to us with so rich a flavor was not *made* to be printed. Mr. Everett is really too great a man to spend his latest years in manufacturing twaddle for the million. He does this, too, with such an awkward air, half-patronizing, half-soliciting, that the pit will roar as at the broadest farce. Has Boston no committee that will preserve the honor of her illustrious son?—*Independent*.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York*."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York*."

TO DONORS.

THOSE who have made pledges to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and those who intend, whether pledged or not, to do something in aid of its operations the current year, are reminded that this season is the time when such aid is most needed. Such Donations will be gladly received and promptly acknowledged either by Francis Jackson, Boston, or S. H. Gay, New York.

New York State Anti-Slavery Convention.

THE Third Annual Anti-Slavery Convention for the State of New York will be held at ALBANY, on MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, January 31, February 1 and 2, 1859.

This Convention, held under the auspices of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and of annual recurrence, is important, not only for its local effect, but, through representatives in attendance, and members of the Legislature, is designed to reach all parts of the State. At no previous period since the commencement of the Anti-Slavery struggle has there been a more pressing need of united, earnest and untiring effort for the immediate and entire abolition of chattel slavery. While the great question, in some of its aspects, is now more widely and earnestly discussed than heretofore, it is also true that the aggregate number of slaves was never before so large, and never so rapidly increasing, while besides the revolting features of domestic slave-breeding, and the inter-State slave trade, the African slave trade is now virtually reopened; that heroic fugitives may still be hunted, with impunity, and their friends persecuted, fined and imprisoned upon the soil of New York; that the schemes of slave propagandism, by those "in authority," were never more threatening, bold and defiant.

Let the friends of impartial liberty, throughout the State, spare no efforts to render this Convention, in character and influence, such as the exigencies of the cause demand. Give, if possible, your personal presence, your friendly counsel and co-operation. Let every County in the State be represented by one or more delegates.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, PARKER PILLSBURY, SUSAN B. ANTHONY, AARON M. POWELL, and other speakers, will be in attendance.

The Convention will be held in ASSOCIATION HALL, the opening session on Monday evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

TRACT MOVEMENT IN HARTFORD.

IT is refreshing to find occasionally, amidst the corruptions of a world lying in wickedness, some green and bright spot, giving evidence, by professions of perfect salubrity, and an aspect on the surface corresponding thereto, that there is yet some virtue extant. Such a verdant spot has lately appeared in the land of steady habits, and it has been heralded to the world under the title—Tract Movement in Hartford.

It appears that some of the representatives of popular piety in Hartford, who are also called "the leading men of money, enterprise and influence in the Congregational and Baptist Churches," have found it desirable to make a public statement that they do not sympathize with the American Tract Society at New York. During the many past years, while that Society was silently pursuing a pro-slavery policy, these gentlemen heartily supported it, without a lisp of dissent; but now that the pertinacious inquiries and remonstrances of a few of its members have extorted from the reluctant "management" a distinct avowal that they pursue, and mean still to pursue, such a policy, the Rev. Dr. Hawes and sundry other gentlemen of the Congregational and Baptist Churches of Hartford have found it needful (to the end of retaining a good report among them that are without) to make "a movement"; and this movement was the formation of a Society auxiliary to the American Tract Society at Boston.

Now, although—looking merely at the facts that the Boston Society claims to hold, and on the strength of that pretension is by many reputed to hold, a position materially different from that of the New York Society—it might appear that this "movement" of the Hartford gentlemen was a movement *forward*, some other facts in the case give it a different aspect, and show either that these grave and reverend seigniors have blundered in a manner worthy of full blooded Irishmen or that they are mindful rather of appearance than reality; rather of a *name* to live than of an actual and fruitful life.

The additional facts of which we speak, facts with which the Hartford gentlemen are perfectly well acquainted, are these:

1. That the Society to which they have transferred themselves, by way of showing a want of sympathy with the New York Society, *is an auxiliary* of the New York Society!

2. That the Boston auxiliary has formally adopted, by a special vote, as its rule in regard to slavery, that very list of Resolutions which its principal at New York unanimously adopted two years ago, and still retains, as the rule of *its* action on that subject.

One would think that this union with an auxiliary by way of declaring dissent from its principal was absurdity enough for one day's work of the Hartford gentlemen; but, as if by way of raising their blunder to the third power, of giving it, as it were, a double-and-twisted energy, they republish, by a formal vote, the most characteristic portion of the rule common to both the New York and Boston Societies, declare their approval of the same, and pledge their cordial coöperation. Here are their Resolutions.

"Hon. Albert Day, of the Baptist Church, formerly Lieutenant Governor of the State, offered the following resolutions, which were adopted:

"Whereas the American Tract Society at Boston, formed in 1814, adopted, at its last annual meeting, a line of independent action, indicated in the following resolutions, to wit:

"Resolved, That we entertain the highest respect for the wisdom, judgment and sincerity of the Special Committee of Fifteen, appointed by the American Tract Society of New York, at the annual meeting held in 1856, and heartily adopt the resolutions reported by them, and declare our purpose to carry into effect the principles embraced in those resolutions.

"Resolved, That the political aspects of slavery lie entirely without the proper sphere of this Society, and cannot be discussed in its publications; but that those moral duties which grow out of the existence of slavery, as well as those moral evils which it is known to promote, and which are condemned in Scripture, and so much deplored by evangelical Christians, do undoubtedly fall within the province of this Society, and can and ought to be discussed in a fraternal and Christian spirit.

"And whereas they have instructed their Executive Committee to commence this line of action, as seen in the following resolution, to wit,

"Resolved, That the Executive Committee be, and they are hereby, instructed to take immediate measures to procure, from such sources as it may seem to them expedient, the necessary variety of pious and useful books and tracts, calculated to promote the object for which this Society was incorporated, in sufficient quantities to supply the demands of individuals and societies in different parts of this and other countries, believing that they can be obtained and sold at as cheap or cheaper rates than under the past organization;

"Therefore, Resolved, That this Society, auxiliary to the American Tract Society at Boston, approves of the same, and pledges its cordial coöperation."

The Resolutions above referred to as emanating from the "Special Committee of Fifteen appointed by the American Tract Society of New York," and as evincing "wisdom, judgment and sincerity" on their part, were called forth by the necessity of taking some declared position in regard to slavery. They were adopted in the auxiliary Society in Boston, May 24th, 1858, on motion of G. G. Hubbard, Esq., having been unanimously adopted in the New York Society the previous year, on motion of Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, who declared his approval of them both on their positive and their negative side. That our readers may keep in mind the wide diversity of ideas, wishes and purposes which find themselves pressed into contact, arranged in alternate layers, in this document, we quote a copy of the portions of it referring to slavery (from a tract recently published by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, entitled "The American Tract Society, Boston"), in which we find these positive and negative portions separated, as follows:

NEGATIVE.	POSITIVE.
"2. That this Society cannot, therefore, with propriety allow itself to be made a *special* organ of any one system of religious or moral reform, such as temperance, peace, anti-popery, *anti-slavery*, etc.; while *within its proper sphere*, ...	its influence should sustain the cause of truth and righteousness *in all their departments*.
	"3. That in endeavoring to accomplish its high and holy mission, the Society should deal even-handedly, and bear impartial testimony against *all* fundamental doctrinal error and practical immorality, *prevailing in any and every part of our country*.
"4. That in the judgment of your Committee, the *political* aspects of slavery lie entirely without the proper sphere of this Society, and cannot be discussed in its publications;	but that those moral duties which grow out of the existence of slavery, as well as those moral evils and vices which it is known to promote, and which are condemned in Scripture, and so much deplored by evangelical Christians, *undoubtedly* do fall within the province of this Society, *and can and ought to be discussed* . . . . . in a *fraternal* and Christian spirit.
"8. That we cordially recognize the *fidelity* and devotedness with which the interests of the Society have been superintended and conducted by the officers and Executive Committee, and of the present members having been among its original founders.	
"9. That with great confidence in the *wisdom* of the Executive Committee, we anticipate that their action	in carrying out the principles contained in the previous resolutions, ...
will be such as will tend to promote the *widest and best* usefulness of the Society *throughout our whole country*."	

In relation to this document, we wish the following things to be noticed.

1. It is plain that, of these two sets of phrases, one favors the idea that the Tract Society should say *nothing*—the other, that it should say *something*—in regard to slavery.

2. It is plain that the existence of these opposite ideas in the same document must have sprung from the existence of two corresponding parties in the Committee, each of which insisted on the admission of its own phrases, hoping to make them the animating spirit of the whole document, and each of which finally tolerated the admission of the other party's phrases, in layers alternating with their own, when they saw a united report to be no otherwise possible.

It is plain that each of these parties consented thus to stultify itself (on paper) in the hope, one of keeping, the other of gaining, the majority and the executive power, and each with the purpose of using this power to bring its own set of phrases into practical operation as the spirit and meaning of the entire document, and utterly to ignore and disregard the other set. We say it is plain that each party *intended* to do this, because this is what each party *actually did*; "the management" (which carried with it a large majority) by a continuance of their former policy, and the opposition, by concentrating themselves in the auxiliary Society at Boston, and adopting the same set of Resolutions as their rule in regard to slavery, practically using that rule as if it contained only their set of phrases, while yet they formally declined the proposition which was brought before them, to separate themselves from the New York Society.

4. It is plain that the party in the Special Committee of Fifteen which inserted the *positive* phrases in this document, and the party in the Society which favored their adoption, perpetrated a piece of deceptive and contemptible cant in eulogizing (in the 8th and 9th Resolutions) *both the fidelity and the wisdom* of that very Executive Committee of the New York Society, against whose administration their whole movement was an energetic protest. If the complaints and remonstrances made by these very people for a series of years preceding were well founded, that Executive Committee had shown themselves *grossly* deficient, either in fidelity or wisdom, *or both!*

5. It is plain that the *something* which the *positive* phrases of the Resolutions declare should be said about slavery is not intended to be *against* slavery. The utmost that they propose (see 4th Resolution) is a fraternal and Christian *discussion*, and this not of the *institution*, *slavery*, still less of THE SIN, SLAVEHOLDING, but only of "those moral duties which grow out of the existence of slavery" and "those moral evils and vices which it is known to promote." In short, although they say they desire and expect (as the Rev. Dr. Frederick A. Ross, of Huntsville, Alabama, also does) the *ultimate* extinction of slavery, the purpose at which their "fraternal and Christian *discussion*" of slavery is aimed is merely the *amelioration* of that cruelty and wickedness—not at all its abolition.

The question naturally arises to an inquiring mind—Even if Dr. Hawes and his Hartford associates wished to take a position towards slavery so feeble, evasive, time-serving and unchristian as that indicated in the positive side of these Resolutions, why did they adopt this particular document as the expression of their idea, and thus endorse the manifest absurdities and self-contradictions of its attempt to unite negative with positive in one statement?

However little reason, or justice, or justification there was for the adoption of this document by the Committee of Fifteen, and afterwards by the Boston Society, there was a *motive* for it in both these cases. The Committee of Fifteen desired, above and before all things, to harmonize the disputants and stop the agitation of the subject of slavery. To this end it was absolutely essential that they should themselves appear to the public to harmonize; and since this appearance of harmony could be gained in no way but by a mutual consent that one of the two parties in the Committee should say *black* as often as the other party said *white*, they adopted that ingenious method, bodly taking the risk of whatever shame such dishonesty might bring upon them. So when the defeated minority of the New York Society concentrated themselves in the auxiliary Society at Boston, it was necessary for them, if they would preserve *the appearance of consistency*, to cling to the very document which their party in the Committee of Fifteen had helped to manufacture, and which they themselves had openly joined in accepting and eulogizing.

However insufficient were the *reasons* for adopting this report, it is plain that these *motives* existed for its adoption by the two bodies above mentioned. But what motive had the Hartford Society for adopting it? Why did they adopt a self-contradictory document for their declaration of principles and rule of action? Why did they unite themselves to the auxiliary if they really disapprove the conduct of its principal? Why, assigning their disapproval of New York as their reason for going to Boston, did they conceal the fact that the latter is auxiliary to the former? Can charity herself, looking steadily at the facts in the case, find any justification for those people? Can *any* reason be found that will account for the facts, except a purpose to smother that agitation through which alone the Church can be spurred into the performance of her duty in regard to slavery, by the representation that it is no longer needed; and that those who wish to bring the action of religious tracts to bear against slavery can accomplish this by aiding the Boston Society?

The scope and bearing of this Hartford movement (which, though appropriately called a *movement*, is of the sort called by military men "marking time," in which no advance is made) are to give the influence of Dr. Hawes and his associates to impress on the community certain absolutely false ideas as true: namely, that the Boston Society are doing all that Christianity requires in regard to slavery, and that the New York Society are a Christian body, and doing a Christian work, in spite of their efforts to uphold slavery. The purpose to inculcate both these ideas is shown in brief space by a speech of that accomplished time-server, Dr. Kirk of Boston, a portion of which we quote from *The Independent*.

"Rev. Dr. Kirk of Boston disclaimed any quarrel with anybody. He had told Mr. Eastman, when in Boston attempting to avert the separation, that he might as well attempt to hold the north-west wind with his fist as to keep New England after the course they had taken. He desired to be charitable, and thought there was abundant work for all. Both sides have now a fair field; and let them both labor for the one great object, the salvation of men. Now those who were able and willing to aid, but have stood aloof because dissatisfied with the doings of the New York Society, may contribute with the assurance that a fair portion of the publications shall treat of the subject of slavery. Now all may go with one or the other Society."

Immediately after this, as if Dr. Kirk were well assured that no amount of absurdity or self-contradiction would prevent the people to whom he spoke from swallowing his statements, he added:

"We shall use a large portion of the excellent books of the New York Society, finding fault with nothing but omissions."

Fine encouragement, truly, for those who separated from the New York Society because it had been clearly convicted of the systematic use of fraud and deception in supporting a pro-slavery policy!

As Dr. Hawes and Dr. Kirk objected neither to the dishonesty nor to the pro-slavery of the New York Society until these were exposed by the Abolitionists, so they will uphold the same features in the Boston Society until a similar exposure by the Abolitionists has made it discreditable to do so. Our course then is plain. Let every one who values the true Gospel of Christ—every one who wishes to magnify, uphold, possess and diffuse the liberty wherewith Christ makes free—every one who wishes to see the purity of Christianity overthrowing the false peace cherished by a corrupt Church—help to expose, before the eyes of all men, the imposture of the Boston Auxiliary of the American Tract Society at New York, and the similar imposture of *its* auxiliary at Hartford.

COTTON-GROWING IN SOUTH AMERICA.

THE following letter, addressed to herself, is communicated to THE STANDARD for publication by MRS. STOWE.

SANTA FE (Argentine Republic), Sept. 18, 1858.

HONORED MADAM: I had read and re-read your immortal work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the not less moving sketch of "Dred," when a Providential incident threw in my way a French translation of your travels on the Continent. The idea, to which you gave expression in England, of making war on slavery by means of the free cotton of India, has suggested to me a few reflections, which I take the liberty of communicating, begging you to circulate them among your abolition friends in Protestant America. I think, with you, that indirect means of approaching and combatting a question so agitating and so interesting as the one to which you have consecrated the noble endowments which you have received from God will always afford better chances of success by making war on the elements of violence, without, so to speak, coming in contact with them. The abolition of slavery must rather be the work of individual regeneration than of legislative power. Where contempt and prejudice exist, abolition can only be factitious and of short duration, in spite of protecting laws. To make slavery *useless* by establishing a formidable rivalry with the planters of the South, is, if I rightly understood you, the idea you have sought to convey to the English, by urging on them the importance of cultivating cotton in India. Since that time, a disastrous war, which must for many years prevent such prospects in Indostan, has been a serious hindrance to their establishment.

Hence it is, honored Madam, that I would call your attention to the province of Santa Fé, where cotton grows perfectly well, and where American Abolitionists might establish magnificent plantations. The climate is admirable—orange trees here attain the majestic proportions of our European elms and oaks—wheat, maize, potatoes and all the vegetables of Europe come to perfection—the tobacco of Santa Fé is famous; cotton, which is yet but little cultivated, grows rapidly and without difficulty, and fine as the quality is, might be greatly improved by intelligent culture. The Parana is a magnificent river, which, by its majestic course, its immense volume and great width, seems destined to become the Mississippi of South America. The province of Santa Fé is yet but sparsely peopled; immense *Campas* of excellent land offer varied crops to colonists, after a few months' cultivation; numerous water-courses, navigable during a great part of the year, make intercommunication easy, above all to an intelligent and enterprising immigration, multiplying the means of transport. The Rosario—a fine port on the Parana—was, a few years since, only a mud-walled little village. Now it is an important town, having direct communication with Europe and North America, in formidable and annually increasing rivalry with Buenos-Ayres; especially since General Uraniza, to favor the home trade, laid high duties on all merchandise landed at that port. The best land lies round the city of Santa Fé itself, which has a fine harbor, communicating with the grand Parana by an arm called *la Bocca*. A direct road has been laid out between Santa Fé and Cordova, which is to be finished in a few months, and another from Santa Fé to St. Jago. Small steamboats begin to ply regularly between Santa Fé and the town of Parana, the seat of government, situated on the other side of the river. Parana and Rosario have already regular correspondence by steamer. The river can be ascended at any season, with a good pilot, by vessels of considerable tonnage. Every possible element of material prosperity is here. The country lacks nothing but an intelligent, active, courageous immigration, to become one of the first in the world. The Constitution is modelled on that of the United States. Liberty of conscience in matters of religion is guaranteed by law and exists in fact. Buenos Ayres has English, American and German Churches—the Rosario, German and English. There is Protestant worship also at the Swiss and German Colony of Esperanza, seven leagues to the north of Santa Fé. The Spanish population is in general indolent and ignorant, having neither intellectual nor material wants. The sons of the soil, as they call themselves (hijos del pais) feel that they need the aid of a foreign element. They constantly quote the North Americans, in their newspapers and their public speeches, as the model of a great people, and a Federal Republic. Still, they are jealous of the United States; and therefore I think that a Yankee immigration should be effected noiselessly and by degrees. That element once present in the country, its influence would speedily prevail, by reason of the incontestable and general profit which would result from it. The enlightened men of the confederacy know well that in order to make progress they need a Protestant current to carry them into a useful and solid order of things. They know it—they say it—they have even printed it. The Indians are not at all to be feared. They are, for the most part, subdued (réduits), cultivating a little ground, and evangelized, or rather civilized, by the courageous devotedness of the Italian missionaries. In the distant grazing farms, the Indians venture to steal horses for food; but they are otherwise timid, and not disposed to approach the great towns or European establishments. The cruelty and treachery of their Spanish conquerors make them prefer the vast solitudes of the *Campas*, where they can hunt in freedom.

There is already a commencement of German and Swiss immigration; but in my opinion it is the North American element that this country needs to ensure its real progress. What we want is the courageous initiative, the steady perseverance, the practical good sense, the Christian faith which distinguish your compatriots, to send a flood of life and fecundity into a population that one cannot call a society, so little does it answer to the order of things that word implies in Anglo-Saxon and European nations.

I will add that the land sells at a very low price, and is, in general, excellent. If you desire further details, my husband, whose mercantile house and colonial establishments are at Santa Fé, can give you the most explicit information. The idea of calling your attention and that of your friends comes to me from Him who can do all things, and who shows his might in human weakness.

The result of faith and prayer, this step of mine addresses itself also to the faith and to the prayers of the abolition friends in North America. Their work is one of mercy to the weak and the oppressed, and God will help them, and bless their efforts for its accomplishment. But the labors of faith require time, and our hours do not always correspond with the dial of eternity. Still, it seems to me that we must work and march onward till we have the word to stop.

Most honored lady, you do not know me, and you will wish, perhaps (it is just and natural to do so), to know what credit and importance are to be attached to my communication. Though I have not the honor to be personally known to you, I am in relations with persons whom you have seen in Paris—Madame André Walther, and Monsieur le pasteur Grand Pierre. I forward to them this letter, not knowing your address.

My husband unites with me in assurances of our high esteem and Christian sympathy.

LINA BECK, née Bernard.

My address is Maison, Beck & Herzog, Santa Fé, par Messrs. Otto, Bemberg & Co.

P. S. We read English, if it should be more agreeable to reply in that language.

It is suggested, in brief reply to this interesting communication, that, in view of the *filibustering* designs on South America by North American pretenders to Christian faith and anti-slavery character, it would be of primary importance, in the disposal of lands, to make it the indispensable condition of sale and lease that *only free labor should ever be employed upon them*—thus strengthening protective laws by individual precautions.—ED. STANDAR

Proceedings of Congress.

IN THE HOUSE, on the 18th inst., Mr. Keitt of South Carolina made a filibustering, "spread-eagle" speech in favor of the acquisition of Cuba. He was for seizing the coveted prize by force, for he saw no prospect of obtaining it by purchase.

The Consular and Diplomatic bill being under discussion in Committee of the Whole, Mr. Lovejoy of Ill. moved to strike out the appropriations for the salaries of all Foreign Ministers and Commissioners. The motion was negatived by only 13 majority, which indicates the great progress of public sentiment in the right direction. On motion of Mr. Colfax, the appropriation for the salary of the Minister to Persia was stricken out; and this was followed by votes to strike out the appropriations for the missions to Rome and Switzerland.

Mr. Marshall of Ky. made a "South American" speech, declaring that the Southern Know-Nothings would never support the "sectional" platform of the Republicans.

IN THE SENATE, on the 20th, Mr. Benjamin of La. reported a substitute for Mr. Mason's bill authorizing the President to use the land and naval forces to sustain filibustering. (See first page.) Mr. Benjamin's substitute, which was ordered to be printed, is in substance as follows:

The first section gives power to the President, whenever he has reason to apprehend that any of the transit routes will be obstructed or closed by lawless vessels, or that an attack is threatened against the persons or property of our citizens, to use the land and naval forces to prevent the threatened injury, on condition that the forces used are withdrawn so soon as the object is accomplished. The second section gives power to the President, in case of actual violence to the persons or property of our citizens in any of the Central American States or in Mexico, to use the land and naval forces in exacting instant redress, the forces to be withdrawn as soon as redress is granted. Section three requires an immediate report to Congress of what the President may do under the provisions of sections one and two.

IN THE HOUSE, on the 20th, the bill to amend the preemption laws being under consideration, Mr. Grow of Pa. offered an amendment, "that from and after the passage of this act, no public lands shall be exposed for sale, by proclamation of the President, unless the returns of the surveyors thereof shall have been duly filed in the land office ten years or more"; which was adopted by fifteen majority, all the Republicans and several Democrats and Americans voting yea. The bill, after being thus amended, was rejected by a majority of four, some of the Democrats who had voted for the amendment joining in the effort to kill it.

Mr. Farnsworth of Ill., on the 21st, turned the tables on the Cuban annexationists by asking leave to offer the following preamble and resolution:

"Whereas that country called 'British America,' lying coterminous with the United States for three thousand miles, and comprising some three million square miles of territory; and especially those parts of it known as Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, the Canadas (East and West), and that region upon the Pacific embracing the Island of Vancouver and the Fraser River, commanding the Straits of Fuca and the finest harbor on the Pacific coast, lying below 54° 40' north latitude (our title to which was formerly officially declared to be 'clear and indisputable') is very valuable, from the fertility of its soil, its forests of valuable timber, its deposits of coal, its rich mines of gold, copper and other minerals, its navigable waters, and its fisheries, both ocean and inland; and whereas the same embraces the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and for the most part both its banks, and also skirts the lakes Ontario, Erie, St. Clair, Huron and Superior, and the rivers Niagara, Detroit and St. Clair, which lakes and rivers drain a large number of the States of this Union, and greatly affect the commerce of many more; and the inhabitants of those States are thereby necessarily restrained in their communication with the ocean, and may be entirely suspended, thus crippling our commerce; and whereas the island of Newfoundland commands both channels into, and out of, the mouth of the St. Lawrence; and the shoals, commonly called the banks of Newfoundland, on the eastern coast of said island, are the most extensive and productive fisheries in the world; and whereas the city of Halifax, in Nova Scotia, with its fortifications and its shelter for armed fleets, commands the commerce between Europe and America by its contiguity to the Gulf stream, which runs close to the shore, and through which such commerce must and does necessarily pass; for which reason said city may be denominated the gateway to the northern seas and the sentinel of the valley of St. Lawrence; and whereas said country is not only 'almost within sight of our shores,' but absolutely joins us; our commerce with it is 'very great, and our citizens are in the habit of daily and extended personal intercourse with it'; and with that country, 'under the dominion of a distant foreign power, this trade, of vital importance to these States, is liable to be destroyed in time of war'; and some of the fairest cities and villages of our country battered down and destroyed by cannon planted upon that territory, or from ships floating upon those rivers and lakes; and whereas 'the truth is, that in its existing colonial condition,' that country 'is a constant source of injury and annoyance to the American people,' and from its geographical position it commands the mouth of the St. Lawrence, 'and the immense and annually increasing trade, foreign and coastwise, from the valley of 'not only 'that noble river,' but the great inland seas of the North-West also; and 'whilst the possession of said country' would be of vast importance 'to the United States, its value to Great Britain is comparatively unimportant'; and whereas the inhabitants of said country are, most of them, well fitted to become desirable associates and brethren with us in this great confederacy of States; therefore,

"Resolved, That the Committee on Foreign Affairs be requested to inquire into the expediency of setting on foot measures to acquire the said territory from Great Britain by honorable treaty, and that they report to this House by bill or otherwise."

Mr. Garnett of Va. objected to the resolution, and it was laid over in accordance with the rules. The *Evening Post* thinks this proposition to extend our dominions towards the White Bears quite as reasonable as that to stretch them in the direction of the Alligators, the arguments in favor of the former being indeed much stronger than any that have been urged for the latter, while Great Britain has not, like Spain, announced her unwillingness to part with her American possessions.

On the 22d, considerable excitement was caused by the presentation of resolutions from the Legislature of Pennsylvania in favor of such changes in the Tariff as will tend to the protection of American manufactures. One of the F. F. V.'s objected to the reading, but the slaveholders finally concluded to make a merit of listening to the voice of Pennsylvania.

On motion of Mr. Kilgore of Indiana a resolution was adopted calling on the President to furnish information in regard to the recent importation of slaves into Georgia or any other State.

IN THE SENATE, on the 24th, the memorial of the Legislature of Indiana denying the right of Messrs. Bright and Fitch to seats as Senators from that State, and claiming the place now filled by them for Messrs. Lane and MacCarthy, recently elected, was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

Messrs. Cameron and Bigler of Pa. had a debate on the Tariff question, the latter, of course, seeking to manage the matter in the interest of the Democratic party.

Mr. Slidell, from the Committee of Foreign Affairs, to whom was referred the bill appropriating $30,000,000 to facilitate the acquisition of Cuba, submitted a long report in favor of the scheme, in which the usual arguments were speciously set forth. Mr. Mason of Va. (one of the Committee) took occasion to say that he did not endorse all that the report contained.

Mr. Seward, as the representative of the minority of the Committee, introduced a bill calling on the President to transmit to Congress, at the commencement of the next session, a statement of the relation then existing between this country and Spain. The bill also requires a statement of the condition of the Treasury and effective condition of the Army and Navy at that time, so as to enable Congress to judge whether it may be necessary to adopt any extraordinary measures to maintain the rights and interests of the United States in regard to Spain.

Mr. Seward, according to the telegraphic report, proceeded to show the financial hindrance to the acquisition of Cuba. The passage of this bill also conferred upon the President powers which would compel the Senate to ratify them if exercised. This bill was in derogation of Senatorial powers. He had supposed that political necessities would cause Cuba to gravitate to the continent, as has been stated by illustrious statesmen, but the time nor opportunity had never presented itself, and he doubted if we had arrived at that point now. For ten years we had made no overtures to Spain for the purchase of Cuba, and she now clings more tenaciously to the island than when she was in a less prosperous condition. She was now in perfect repose. He read to the Senate a report of a debate in the Spanish Chamber of Deputies, showing that the Government intended to demand reparation from the President of the United States for the alleged insult contained in his Message regarding the purchase. Mr. Seward thought the proposition to buy Cuba now unwise and ridiculous, and characterized its purchase as such a necessity as that offered by the auction woman in the play, who thought that it might "come so handy."

Mr. Toombs of Ga. replied to Mr. Seward.

IN THE HOUSE, on the 24th, the Diplomatic Bill being under consideration in Committee of the Whole, Mr. Sherman of Ohio offered an amendment, limiting the missions to Great Britain, France, Russia, Spain, Brazil, Mexico, China, Peru, Turkey and Nicaragua. After debate, the amendment was adopted. During the discussion, Mr. Lovejoy of Ill said some of the Ministers were the most extraordinary on earth, and not one but the Minister to England can speak the language of the country to which he is sent. The practice of appointing them was taken from monarchical governments, at the time when one man ruled the state and his wife ruled the monarchy. What had the Minister to France been doing for a year past? Settling a question about gilt buttons and small-clothes (laughter)—that is the Lord's truth—and playing gentleman-usher to the snobocracy of America, and introducing them to the aristocracy of Europe—and quarrelling with his subordinates because they were better dancers than himself (laughter).

Mr. Branch of North Carolina, from the Committee of Foreign Affairs, reported back the bill appropriating thirty millions to enable the President to acquire Cuba.

Mr. Davis of Mass. spoke in defence of the fishing bounties.

PERSONAL.

Dr. Livingstone writes that he is making good progress in his African journeyings. His latest letter was dated September 14.

Miss Hosmer, the sculptress, has returned to Rome, and lives with Charlotte Cushman, between whom and herself there exists a strong friendship.

William Cullen Bryant presided over the Burns Banquet at the Astor House on Tuesday evening, opening the festivities in an eloquent speech.

Senator Douglas and Fitch called each other ugly names the other day, the Senate being in secret session. They have since settled the difficulty, not with pistols but with pens!

William Lyon Mackenzie, the leader of the Canadian rebellion, who was driven from Toronto when the war broke out, is now in high favor there, recently declined the mayoralty, and is to be presented with a homestead, for which over $9,000 has been subscribed.

Marius R. Robinson, we are sorry to learn by a private letter from Ohio, has resigned the editorship of *The Anti-Slavery Bugle*, to take charge of a reformatory journal to be published at some more westerly point. Benjamin S. Jones is to be the successor of Mr. Robinson. We reserve the comments suggested by this change until it shall be officially announced.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the settlement of Southside Adams over the Essex street Church in Boston is to be celebrated in March next. That eminent "evangelical" saint, the Hon. Rufus Choate, the "intimate and confidential friend of the pastor," from whom he has imbibed those stable religious sentiments which underlie his political orthodoxy, will be the orator of the occasion.

Hon. John A. Dix, late U. S. Senator from this State, has been appointed to write the life of the late Hon. Silas Wright. Mr. Dix has apostatized from the faith which characterized the later years of Mr. Wright's life, and is now a Buchanan Democrat. It is a pity that the deceased champion of Slavery Restriction should have fallen into the hands of such a biographer.

The Rev. Samuel Longfellow, of the Second Unitarian Church in Brooklyn, delivered an able sermon on Sunday last, from the text: "For unto us there is but one God, the Father"—suggested by the paragraph in the recent letter of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher upon "Heresy-Hunting," wherein Mr. B. spoke of the Father as nothing but "a dim and shadowy effluence arising from Christ." The sermon is to be published.

Joseph Rowntree, a highly respectable member of the Society of Friends, was chosen Mayor of Leeds on the 9th of December. Mr. R., as a consistent Friend, refused to accept the office. The proud title of "My Lord" was insufficient to induce "honest Joe Rowntree" to desert his religious scruples, and along with a check for £100, the forfeit of a refusal to accept, he laid down the tempting title as well as the gold chain, the sword, mace, &c.

Mrs. Lucy Sedgwick, who recently died at West Hartford, Ct., at the age of 87, was the widow of the late Timothy Sedgwick, and the last surviving member of the Society of Friends which was organized there about the year 1805. Mrs. Sedgwick and the late John I. Wells of Hartford were for many years the only survivors of the Society who remained, and these two assembled weekly in their stated place of worship, till his death left her the only solitary attendant.

The London correspondent of *The Evening Post* mentions, "as a fact, that the boy-apostle, Mr. Spurgeon, has arranged to visit the States this summer." At home he has denounced American slavery in very strong terms; we shall see whether he has the courage to do the same thing here, where the obligation to speak out is counteracted by temptations which few foreigners have the strength to resist. Let us hope that he will pass through the fiery ordeal with true Christian firmness and fidelity.

Henry Ward Beecher's oration on Robert Burns, delivered to an immense audience on Monday evening, was a broad, generous and eloquent tribute to the unrivalled Scottish bard. Alluding to the fact that Burns, at one time, "as the last resort of a broken-down and discouraged man," resolved to go to Jamaica as overseer of a plantation, Mr. Beecher said, with a manner which imparted a noble emphasis to his words: "I think I see Robert Burns on a plantation, with his whip under his arm; I think I see Robert Burns following a gang of slaves, and chanting,

'A man's a man for a' that.'

But he was not so bad as that yet." Hearty applause followed this allusion.

AN ANTI-SLAVERY MINISTER.—The Rev. Henry T. Cheever, of Jewett City, Ct., like his brother, the Rev. Dr. Cheever of New York, is one of that class of ministers (alas, how few and far between!) who denounce slavery, unequivocally, as a sin against God and fearlessly apply the principles of Christianity to governmental affairs. His faithfulness on this subject, as well as upon the sin of intemperance, has subjected him to persecution among the advocates of slavery and rum; but his congregation has thus far stood by him. On the first of January they made him a "donation visit," cheering him by many substantial tokens of their esteem and confidence. Mr. Cheever closed his New Year's sermon as follows:

"Let it teach us, brethren, that we are always safe, and, in the end, shall be successful, in boldly doing right, and combating vigorously the dreadful evils of intemperance and slavery, or whatever else is in the way of the progress of the Redeemer's Kingdom on earth. Let the ministers and let the people of God take the lead in every moral and philanthropic movement of the age. Let us boldly invade the realm of politics with our religion. Let us show that Christ is our King, and that we mean to carry Christ's law into everything, regardless alike of the bugbear cry of timid good men at our fanatical ultraism, or the fierce howls and flings of the ungodly at 'political preaching,' 'priestcraft,' 'Church and State.' Let us put no man up *for* office, let us vote for no man *in* office, that is not a practical advocate of temperance, and a thorough opponent of slavery. Let us pursue this course as men, as citizens, as Christians, always preferring principle to expediency, and conscience to compromise, and by the close of the year 1859 the kingdom of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, will have certainly made visible progress on the earth, and we, as His loyal subjects, shall feel

'A peaceful conscience and approving Heaven.'"

LECTURE BY DR. CHEEVER.—Dr. Cheever of this city lately delivered, in Jewett City, Ct., an address upon "The Bible View of Slavery." A correspondent of the Norwich *Courier* says that it was "one of the most comprehensive, cogent and intensely interesting addresses" that the people of Jewett City were ever permitted to hear; and he adds:

"In treating his subject Dr. Cheever exhibited a vastness of intellectual research, a power of conception and generalization, and a wealth of striking and peculiarly forcible illustration, that not only astonished and convinced, but enchained the audience.

"A report of the lecture that would do justice to the speaker is impossible. From the beginning to the end, each sentence seemed a new thought, or a new illustration. The subject was calmly, dispassionately discussed, and no one, of whatever political pretensions, assuming to be passably honest, could find fault with the argument, or resist the conclusion.

"Dr. Cheever has rather a rapid enunciation, a soft musical voice that now and then swells into a fitting compass as he pronounces some stirring passages, and a rapidity, taste and force in gesticulation, which altogether make him an *orator*.

"When the names of the time-servers who now, in their devotion to cotton interests, would strike to the ground the man who sternly assails them, sternly defends the *right*, have faded from the memory of man, the name of George B. Cheever will live, as the pioneer of a movement, destined, under God, to change the moral sentiments of a nation and inaugurate a better day."

ROBERT EMMET.

I want a hero: an uncommon want.—BYRON.

Translated for THE STANDARD *from the French of Madame* D'HAUSSONVILLE.

[The following passage, which the translator, by an unfortunate oversight, failed to transmit in its proper connection, only reached us after the outside form had gone to press. Its true place is at the head of Chapter V., *immediately before what appears this week on the fourth page.* The error was discovered too late to admit of any other than this awkward remedy.—*Ed. Standard.*]

IN CONTINUATION.....V.

It is, however, known that he wrote to her several times. Some historians pretend that he was hidden in a garden-house, and that Miss Curran carried him food there, unknown to her family; but this seems entirely destitute of probability.

Some days after the insurrection, Anne Devlin was arrested. Her house was occupied by soldiers, who ravaged it from top to bottom, and ended by setting it on fire. They offered her a large sum of money to tell where her master was; but she cried out with indignation and contempt—"What! *I* take the price of Mr. Robert's blood!" Then they put her to the torture. It was what was then called the picketing and the half-hanging. Pierced with bayonets and bathed in blood, this heroic woman never ceased to repeat, "I have nothing to tell—I will tell nothing." Then they passed a cord round her neck. "Will you tell where Mr. Emmet is?" "You may kill me, but I will tell you nothing." She had hardly time to cry "Lord Jesus, have mercy on my soul," before she was hung, amid cries of savage joy from her executioners.

They cut her down immediately, and carried her, in a state of unconsciousness, back to prison. She passed several years there, and left it broken down in health for the rest of her life. Madden found her forty years after, aged and very poor, painfully earning her livelihood in some provincial village. He brought her with him to Butterfield Lane, in the house where she had lived with Robert Emmet and his companions, and there it was a strange and touching spectacle to see her recollection, little by little, returning, as if she were awakening from a dream. "Here lived Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Dowdall: this was my chamber." Then, after a moment of silence, her hands trembling and tears flowing down her furrowed cheeks, and with a voice still vibrating with all her former tenderness—"there," she said, "is where Mr. Robert slept."

At the news of the Dublin insurrection a very exciting scene took place in the English Parliament. They overwhelmed the Lord Lieutenant and his administration with reproaches, accusing him of apathy and incapacity. Lord Castlereagh, Sir William Elliot, Mr. Windham, Mr. Fox, Colonel Crawford and Sir John Wrottesby rose in succession, attacking or defending the government. Sir John Wrottesby even went so far as to propose the impeachment of the Lord-Lieutenant. It could not be denied that a formidable conspiracy had existed under his eyes, without awakening in the least his suspicions. Mr. Sheridan replied that it was of the utmost importance not to admit that the capital of Ireland had been on the point of falling into the hands of insurgents; it would encourage rebellion and treason throughout the kingdom. Lord Castlereagh affirmed that the danger had been greatly exaggerated. It was not true that the government was unprepared when the insurrection burst out. He demanded permission to contradict this assertion in the most formal terms. The Lord-Lieutenant had been for several days aware of this atrocious conspiracy and had taken his measures in consequence. Lord Castlereagh, without the least provocation, seized the occasion to defend the conduct of the government in the repression of 1798. "Never had such a rebellion been so promptly and with so little severity suppressed." The next day, the minister brought in two bills, which were immediately passed—one to suspend the *habeas corpus*, which, it must be confessed, had never been other than a mere fiction in Ireland; the other, to proclaim martial law throughout the country. A price was set upon the heads of the leaders and a reward offered for the discovery of the murderers of Lord Kilwarden. Notwithstanding the efforts of the conspirators to stay the insurrectionary movement, partial revolts burst out at certain points. The prisons were filled up, and executions succeeded each other with rapidity. Innocent or guilty, all who appeared before these courts of savage justice fell alike under their blows. "The greatest evil of the failure of an insurrectionary movement in our country," said Grattan, with reason, "grows out of the ferocious terror and legal butchery which it authorizes." During his concealment, Robert Emmet conceived the strange idea, though he did not execute it, of addressing an anonymous letter to the government, to influence it to suspend its severity. A fragment of this unfinished letter was read on his trial. "Of the actual conspiracy," he said, "the government must acknowledge that it knows next to nothing. If it does not alarm by the extent of its discoveries, does it think to strike terror by the severity of its chastisements? Is it left to this late day for him who conspires against the English government to learn that he runs the risk of life? Examples have not been wanting for his instruction; and if these are insufficient—if the refinement of the torments and the numbers of the victims have not already struck the Irish with terror, what can government do? To immolate a few feeble, obscure, isolated individuals, is hardly to cut a few threads of a vast conspiracy which remains to this day impenetrable to its sight. The United Irishmen are determined, sooner or later, to free their country: they will wait a favorable time—" here the letter was interrupted.

Robert might at this time have secured his own safety, but his reluctance to quit the neighborhood of Miss Curran, and perhaps also the secret hope of recommencing, sooner or later, a more successful enterprise, unfortunately retained him till the moment of his arrest. The truth is, a man is never a day older than his age, and doubtless his adventurous nature may have found a certain charm in the emotions of a life beset with perils. Major Sirr, who had been the one to discover and arrest Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was sent in pursuit of Robert Emmet. Dr. Ebrington, of Trinity College, had furnished Major Sirr with an exact description of Emmet's person. "A singular occupation," adds Madden, "for the head of a College thus to denounce his former pupils to the agents of the police." Major Sirr went, in the first place, to Butterfield Lane. "The nest is here," said he, as he penetrated to the chamber of Robert Emmet, "but the bird has flown." The day after, Mrs. Palmer's house was surrounded by the police. When the Major entered it, followed by his officers, the granddaughter of Mrs. Palmer ran to warn Robert, who was at dinner. He tried to escape by a back door looking on the garden, and thence over the country. By the Major's order, who saw him escape from the window, the sentinel ran after him, seized him and wounded him in the shoulder with a pistol shot. Robert then surrendered and gave his name as Cunningham. His uniform was upon his bed, and on a chair beside it the half-written letter.

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

PROHIBITION OF SLAVE-HUNTING.

THE Legislature which will assemble in Albany on the first of January will contain a large majority of Republicans in both branches, and we hope that earnest Abolitionists in every County will put its anti-slavery character to the test by sending in petitions, as numerously signed as possible, praying for the enactment of a law prohibiting slave-hunting, under the severest penalties, on the soil of the Empire State. The Abolitionists of Massachusetts are making a strong movement for such a law in that State, and the Legislature of Vermont lately enacted one, for which Abolitionists had earnestly petitioned. The number of Garrisonian Abolitionists in this State is not large; but if they will all take hold of the work in earnest, they can produce a wholesome agitation and gain a large number of signatures to their petitions. In some localities the work is already begun, but we fear that in many others, where we have one or more readers, nothing has yet been attempted. We entreat every friend of the cause in this State, who may read what we now write, to make a copy of the following petition, and at once commence the work of obtaining petitions. Let us go up to the Republican Legislature with our demands that the soil of the State shall be protected from the incursions of the man-hunter; and if they refuse to enact a law for that purpose, let us hold them responsible as the abettors of kidnapping.

To the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York:

The undersigned, citizens of the State of New York, respectfully ask you to enact that no person, who has been held as a slave, shall be delivered up, by any officer or court, State or Federal, within this Commonwealth, to any one claiming him on the ground that he owes "service or labor" to such claimant, by the laws of one of the Slave States of this Union.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON will lecture in HUDSON, N. Y. on Friday evening, February 4. At POUGHKEEPSIE, on Thursday evening, February 3.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for February opens with a racy and vigorous paper, "Ought Women to Learn the Alphabet?" in which it is clearly shown that an affirmative answer to the question carries with it, of necessity, all that is embraced in the phrase "woman's rights." We must choose, the writer affirms, between barring women from access to the rudiments of education and admitting them, eventually, to an equal participation with men in all the affairs of government. "There," he says, "the whole question lies. Concede this little fulcrum [a knowledge of the alphabet] and Archimedes will move the world before she has done with it; it becomes merely a question of time. Resistance must be made here or nowhere. *Obsta principiis.* Woman must be a subject or an equal; there is no middle ground." We cannot be mistaken, we think, in attributing this article to the classic pen of THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. "The Minister's Wooing," by Mrs. Stowe, advances with constantly augmenting interest. Of "Bulls and Bears" we have also several fresh chapters, and "'The New Life' of Dante" is concluded. Of "White's Shakespeare" we have a second notice, evidently from one who knows what he is talking about. "The Professor at the Breakfast Table" is as genial and as wise as ever. At the conclusion of his talk he gives us these lines, written, we understand, for a recent festive gathering of his old classmates of Harvard College:

THE BOYS.

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise!
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy—young jackanapes—show him the door!
"Gray temples at twenty?" Yes! *white*, if we please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close—you will see not a sign of a flake;
We want some new garlands for those we have shed—
And these are white roses in place of the red!

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old;
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge":
It's a neat little fiction—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker," the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend" What's his name—don't make me laugh!

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe that he had written a wonderful book,
And the ROYAL ACADEMY thought it was *true!*
So they chose him right in; a good joke it was, too!

There's a boy—we pretend—with a three decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice,"—but now he's "the Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith—
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free—
—Just read on his medal—"My country"—"of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun,
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys—always playing with tongue or with pen—
And I sometimes have asked—Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful and laughing and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its Winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, the Boys!

The following paragraph from the Boston *Transcript* will help our readers to understand the personal allusions contained in the above lines:

"If we should exercise our New England privilege of guessing, we should say that 'The Boys' in Dr. Holmes's poem in the February number of the *Atlantic*, were the class of 1829 at Harvard College, which included the author of the poem. The 'boy' called 'Doctor,' preaches in Bedford street, Boston. The 'Judge' is the youngest member of the Supreme Bench in this Commonwealth; the 'Speaker' is Mr. C., who occupied the chair in the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1848–49. The 'Mayor' is from Worcester. The 'Member of Congress' is from Greenfield, Mass. The 'Rev.' is the pastor of the 'Church of the Disciples' in Boston. The 'Mathematician' Professor P., of Harvard University; the 'Squire' an ex-Judge of the United States Supreme Court; and the 'nice youngster' a Baptist Professor, whose national song is always sung on the Fourth of July. The 'boy laughing' would blush to have his kind deeds published, but he lives in Central Massachusetts."

The poem, "Hamlets at the Boston," is attributed to the author of "Passion Flowers"; "The Palm and the Pine" is probably by Whittier. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE SCALPEL for January opens with a chapter of the editor's experience during the ten years since he embarked in the publication. The title of the paper is, "Ten Years' Cruise in a Medical Cock-boat; 'Log' of the Scalpel; Heaving the Lead; Land Ahead; Sharks." We avail ourselves of a short passage, in which, after stating that the publication of *The Scalpel* has cost him $18,000 in ten years, while the receipts have been only $16,000, Dr. Dixon sets forth the objects of the work:

We publish *The Scalpel*, as we stated in our Prospectus, firstly, to enter our solemn protest against the monstrous dosing by ignorant and presumptuous men; secondly, to expose the hucksters of diplomas in our Colleges to young men, whose proper position is some honest mechanical pursuit; thirdly, to instruct the people, expose the infernal abuses of the law and our every-day life, and to procure consulting and operating business. We are perfectly satisfied with the result, and have not the remotest intention of discontinuing it. It has procured for us as extensive a consulting business as we can conveniently attend to, from every part of the Union. Scarcely a day passes in which we are not called on to perform some surgical operation. Nevertheless, we take as much pleasure in preparing the journal as when we first commenced it. Our articles are more widely and extensively copied, both here and in Europe, than those of any other similar journal in the country, and our exchange-list is continually increasing. To our editorial friends throughout the Union, we express our hearty thanks; without them, we never could have established the journal; all we desire of them is to continue to give the public their earnest and unbiased views, favorable or otherwise. We look with pity on the man who fears censure, and he who cannot bear it should never attempt to instruct others. A journal that is not occasionally worth a little abuse must be a very feeble sort of an affair."

Among the articles in this number is one that deserves particular attention, "On the Natural Law of Marriage," by Dr. W. B. Powell of Cincinnati, with comments by the editor. Dr. Powell professes to have discovered certain "physiological incompatibilities," the disregard of which in forming matrimonial alliances leads to the most disastrous results. His views are endorsed by Dr. Dixon, who says: "Dr. Powell presents a claim to the gratitude of the race, by the announcement of this great discovery, that will be acknowledged long after his memory only will be cherished as the discoverer of the most important truth ever announced in physiological science." New York: Sherman & Co., No. 1 Vesey street.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for January is marked by the broad scholarship and the free spirit that usually characterize its pages. It contains the following articles:

I. The Moravian Brethren.
II. Francis Quarles.
III. Imagination in Theology.
IV. Carlyle's Frederic.
V. The Two Religions.
VI. Dr. Furness and Dr. Bushnell: a Question of Words and Names.
VII. Review of Current Literature.

The sketch of the Moravian Brethren does justice to one of the most remarkable of the numerous sects which have sprung into existence since the Protestant Reformation. The review of Francis Quarles is enriched by some of the best of that quaint old poet's verses. "Imagination in Theology," we perceive, has displeased the conservative wing of the Unitarians, who think the tendency of such transcendental views is toward the destruction of the foundations of the Christian Faith. The review of Carlyle's "Frederic" deals plainly with the despotic principles inculcated in that work. "The Two Religions" is a review of sermons on eternal future punishment by Dr. Southside Adams and the Rev. Thomas Starr King. It is an effort to set forth the radical distinction between Orthodoxy and Unitarianism. The review of Dr. Furness's "Thoughts on the Life and Character of Jesus of Nazareth," and Dr. Bushnell's "Nature and the Supernatural," makes an attempt to show that these representatives of two opposite theories are one in spirit and purpose, and differ from each other only upon "questions of words and names." In the "Review of Current Literature" Mr. Sawyer's Translation of the New Testament is subjected to a rigid examination and shown to be a failure. Boston: T. B. FOX, 21 Bromfield street.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for January (Leonard Scott & Co.'s American Edition, 79 Fulton street) is printed, we are glad to observe, on whiter and firmer paper than that previously used. It brings us the conclusion of Bulwer's fascinating story, "What will he do with it?" a very interesting paper on "Burmah and the Burmese"; Part II. of "A Cruise in Japanese Waters"; "How to Boil Peas"—in other words, how to be happy in spite of the annoyances of life; a remarkable article on "Popular Literature—the Periodical Press"; "An Angling Saunter in Scotland"; and a view of the India question as affected by recent events.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 765, contains a capital story from *Blackwood* entitled "Cousin John's Property," an article on "Sermons" from the same source, and a variety of other matter, including several fine poems. Stanford and Delisser, 508 Broadway.

PORTION OF A LETTER OF A PRESBYTERIAN (COVENANTER) MINISTER IN VERMONT.—"'Burning slaves'! What horrible deeds are done and sanctioned under the wing of the American eagle! 'Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this'! God's justice cannot always slumber. Yesterday I preached to a large congregation, and dwelt upon these late deeds of burning slaves, lifting up another testimony against this guilty nation. Let us cry aloud. If we plead not, in such a time as this, the stones of the streets and of the field will cry out."

"COMPENSATED EMANCIPATION."—Twenty-seven gentlemen, most of them "old fogies" who have steadily discountenanced all agitation of the slavery question, consented to oblige Elihu Burritt by calling a "Compensated Emancipation Convention," which was held at Albany on Tuesday and Wednesday last. Those eminent anti-slavery apostles, Dr. Bethune and the Rev. Hubbard Winslow, were embraced in the list. Gerrit Smith, we are glad to observe, did not sign the call.

THE STANDARD FOR JANUARY 1, 1859.—The calls for this issue have been so numerous as to exhaust the supply, and yet more are wanted. If those of our readers who do not file their papers will return that number, directing "*National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York*," they will not only oblige us but render a service to the cause.

STATE AND PROSPECTS OF THE CAUSE.—We are constrained to postpone till next week an article prepared in response to the request of our Dublin Correspondent that we should give him our notions as to the present state of the anti-slavery cause in this country.

Summary.

James Howland, the last of the Rhode Island slaves, died Jan. 3, at Jamestown, R. I., at the age of 100 years. He retained his faculties unimpaired up to the hour of his death.

CHARLESTON, January 24.—The captain of the yacht Wanderer surrendered himself on Saturday to the United States Marshal, and was held to bail in five thousand dollars.

The Richmond *Enquirer* denounces vigorously and severely the proposition to give Mr. Buchanan *thirty millions of dollars* towards commencing the purchase of Cuba. We have very little doubt that it will be followed in this, sooner or later, by reflecting Democrats North and South.

FROM KANSAS.—*Leavenworth, K. T., January* 20.—Capt. Montgomery has voluntarily given himself up to the authorities to await a trial upon the charges of complicity in the recent troubles on the southern border. Capt. Brown is reported to have left the Territory. No further difficulties are apprehended. The excitement here has all died away.

TRIAL OF THE FILIBUSTERS.—*Mobile, January* 22.—Capt. Maury and others have been tried before the United States Commissioner for obstructing the United States officers in the discharge of their duties on board the schooner Susan, and for violating the neutrality laws, and the Commissioner has held them to bail in the sum of $2,500 for their appearance at Court in February.

There was a striking spectacle afforded to the street public of Washington, near the Baltimore railroad depot, Friday. A string of slaves, with a white man at their head, loaded pistol in hand, and another in the rear armed in like manner, marched from some private slave-pen to the depot, to take the cars for Baltimore, where they will be sold.

VIRGINIA JUSTICE.—A married woman was recently brought before a Virginian Justice charged with stealing some pewter plates. After hearing the evidence he decided that the lashes should be inflicted upon her husband, who was then and there present, giving as his reason that the Scriptures declared that man and wife were one flesh, and as the wife was the weaker vessel, it was right that the man should bear the penalty.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.—One of our exchanges says, "the *wife* crop of Gasconade County, Mo., this year, is estimated at 25,000 galls." The wine crop was referred to, but 25,000 galls will make a good crop of wives, notwithstanding.

The Hartford *Times*, noticing the death of an editor says: "He was a high-*minded* gentleman, and a pungent writer." Perhaps he was a stump speaker of the high-minded school of oratory. A Democratic editor says, "the Democracy are *licked* like a band of brothers," instead of linked! Types play sad pranks.—*Louisville Journal.*

BREAD.—Mrs. Washington Bacon, of Detroit, took the first premium at the Michigan State Fair for making bread, and this is her recipe: Salt or milk rising to one teacup of new milk and one teaspoon of salt, pour in two teacups of boiling water; when cooled so as not to scald, stir in flour to make a batter, and set it in a kettle of warm water until it rises up light, which will be in about five hours; pour the batter into your pan of flour, and mix with warm water or milk in sufficiency to make four loaves of bread. Add a teaspoonful of soda to the wetting, knead thoroughly, and put it in the pans to rise, which it will do in half an hour. Bake one hour.

A YANKEE IN THE FAR WEST.—A traveller in Dacotah Territory, writing to the St. Louis *Republican*, relates the following incident:

One solitary prairie road, of twenty-five miles, brought us in view of a squatter's mud ranch, where we had dinner. We found brother Jonathan and his Yankee girl for a wife, from near Hartford, Connecticut. Although surrounded by mud, without fence or rail, they had plenty to eat, cooked up in Yankee style, good for man, clean and sweet. He was a poor renter, owning nothing, but trying his luck in a new country, and without issue—Abolitionist in principle, and simple in speech, unaccustomed to Western ways, with everything to learn, honest, frugal and green. The whole road, wherever we found a cabin, were Yankees just arrived.

The Philadelphia *Press* publishes a reminiscence of the days when the citizens of Philadelphia remonstrated against lighting the streets with gas. A petition to the Common Council, dated Nov. 28, 1833, prays that "the lighting our city with oil may be continued," on the ground that the use of gas would produce a bad effect upon the water of the rivers, and poison the fish. Appended to the petition are the names of Horace Binney, Thomas Allicorne, Matthew Newkirk, John C. Cresson, and other prominent citizens. Curiously enough, Mr. John C. Cresson is now Engineer and Superintendent of the Philadelphia Gas Works.

A negro duel is noticed in the Kanawha (Va) *Republican*, as among the incidents that occurred in and about the Salines on Christmas day. It was rather a bungling affair. The preliminary arrangements appear not to have been according to the provisions laid down in the Code of Honor. We do not understand the parties felt any particular stain upon their honor which they desired to wipe out by the fashionable appeal to the *duello*. The affair seems to have been a kind of trial, or practice, preparatory to a real duel. But so it was, they stood off at measured distance, and shot at each other with muskets loaded with blank cartridges. In the excitement, one of the combatants, in drawing the ramrod, left the button, or head, in the gun, and the result was he killed his opponent by shooting him through the breast. The negro shot was free, and the other was a slave. These are the facts in the case, as reported to us. We do not know that there has been any legal investigation into the affair.

THE LECTURE SEASON IN BOSTON, says a correspondent of the Worcester *Spy*, has proved a failure, with one exception—that of the Fraternity Course. The latter has paid its way. The lecturers have been handsomely remunerated. Mr. Parker received $125 each for his four; Henry Ward Beecher, $200 for his one; and none have been paid less than $50. They have averaged $100. The Mercantile Library course will not meet its expenses by $700, and the Mechanic Apprentices'

Miscellaneous Department.

[THE following lines accompanied the last year's gifts to our cause from London, Eng. ADELAIDE PROCTOR, a poet herself, is the daughter of the Poet PROCTOR, who won his wreath under the name of BARRY CORNWALL]

THE ARMY OF THE LORD.

To fight the battle of the Cross, Christ's chosen ones are sent,
Good Soldiers and great Victors—a noble Armament:
They use no earthly weapons—they know not spear or sword;
Yet right, and true, and valiant is the Army of the Lord!

Fear them, ye mighty ones of Earth! fear them, ye demon foes!
Slay them and think to conquer, but the ranks will always close;
In vain do Earth and Hell unite their power and skill to try;
They fight the better for their wounds, and they conquer when they die.

The soul of every sinner is the victory they would gain;
They would bind each rebel heart in their Master's golden chain:
Faith is the shield they carry, and the two-edged sword they bear
Is God's strongest, mightiest weapon, and they call it Love and Prayer.

And some there are—among us—the path that they have trod
Of sin, and pain, and anguish, has led at last to God—
They plead, and Christ will hear them, that the poor slaves who pine
In the blind dungeon they have left may see His Truth divine.

Oh! who can tell how many Hearts are Altars to His praise,
From which the silent prayer ascends through patient nights and days;
The sacrifice is offered in secret and alone,
Oh, World! ye do not know them, but He can help his own.

They are with us, His true Soldiers; they come in power and might;
Glorious the Crown that they shall gain after the heavenly fight;
And you, perchance, who scoff, may yet their Rest and Glory share,
The rich spoil of their Battle, and the Captives of their Prayer.

Oh who shall tell the wonder of that Great Day of Rest,
When even on this place of strife His Soldiers are so blest!
Oh World! Oh Earth! Why strive ye? Join the low chant they sing—
"O Grave, where is thy Victory! Oh Death, where is thy sting!"

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

ROBERT EMMET.

"I want a hero: an uncommon want.—BYRON.

Translated for THE STANDARD *from the French of Madame* D'HAUSSONVILLE.

IN CONTINUATION.....V.

THE major approached the prisoner, who was occupied in staunching the blood which flowed from his wound, and begged him to excuse the rudeness with which he had been obliged to treat him. Robert replied that all was fair in war. Immediately afterwards, he passed through the crowd that surrounded the house, followed by the major and his officers; "betraying," said one who was present, "neither fear nor agitation, but preserving the calm and dignity which ever distinguished this truly extraordinary young man."

He was taken to the castle; and when recognized by one of his old comrades of the University, he no longer sought to conceal his name. The first person who saw him, as he entered the prison yard, was Anne Devlin. "I almost fainted when I saw him," she says; "but he passed me rapidly, and walked the court as if he had not seen me. But knowing his expression so well, I knew, by an almost imperceptible smile, that he recognized me."

Some days after his arrest Robert Emmet wrote to Miss Curran. It was a letter speaking of politics as well as of love; and he told her that on reviewing his conduct he found nothing with which to reproach himself but a want of prudence. He attributed the check the insurrection had received in part to the moderation of Lord Hardwick's administration, which he called "a *perfidious moderation*." The jailer to whom he gave the letter, and who promised, for a large sum of money, to deliver it as addressed, carried it immediately to the attorney-general. On learning this, Robert trembled at the thought of having compromised her he loved. Knowing the dread that was entertained of the effect of his eloquence at the bar and the scaffold, he wrote immediately to the privy-council. He had injured," he said, "an innocent young girl; and if they would promise not to trouble her family, he would agree to plead guilty, and suffer himself to be led to the scaffold without uttering a word. If they refused, he would, on the contrary, address the people, and make the most determined use of every means of action in his power." The next day Curran's house was searched, on a warrant from the attorney-general, and the rumor went abroad that the celebrated advocate was compromised in the conspiracy. In his daughter's apartment were found the letters of Robert Emmet, and it was "by this legal procedure," says Richard Curran, "that the father learned his daughter's fatal attachment." Curran was profoundly irritated at a connection which he had never authorized. He was a man of a severe, imperious character; the false position, as a public man, in which this discovery placed him, the suspicions it awakened, and the obligation it imposed of appearing before the privy-council, and of descending to self-justification, all contributed to aggravate his resentment. The unfortunate Sarah Curran was exiled from the paternal home, notwithstanding the prayers of the attorney-general, Mr. Standish O'Grady; who, far from showing severity to the father, interceded in favor of the daughter. Before the trial of Emmet, the attorney-general was obliged, in the exercise of his functions, to have an interview with Miss Curran; but he treated her, says her brother, "with so much gentleness and indulgence that this official interview was transformed into a consolatory visit. He left the poor child, full of gratitude, declaring that he had shown her the tenderness of a father."

Then it was that Robert Emmet wrote to Curran in the hope of softening him towards his daughter, and, by a feeling of natural delicacy, taking all the blame upon himself. We see at once that he is far from telling the whole truth, but is seeking above all to conceal from the angry father the warmth and depth of his daughter's feelings; and so gives to a long-standing tie a recent and accidental origin. And as pity joined to admiration is of all dangers the greatest to the heart of woman, it was as he represented it, on the day when she saw him in misfortune, that she betrayed the secret of her affection.

"She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them."

"There was a time," says Richard Curran, "when the publication of these letters would have been painful, but it is so no longer. The father and the child are no more; the survivor feels in duty bound to give them to the public, convinced that the revelation cannot injure the sentiments of tenderness and esteem which all who knew the writers have vowed to their memory."

ROBERT EMMET TO JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN, ESQ.

"I did not expect you to act as my advocate. I named you because, our previous relations being known, it might have appeared strange not to do so. I did not even wish to see you. I know I have seriously offended you—so seriously that my life cannot expiate it. I have offered this expiation, by offering to the privy-council to plead guilty if they would consent to suppress those letters. I have done more; I have declared that I would undergo my sentence without a word in my own defence; asking in exchange only the suppression of those documents. My intention in pleading guilty is to forestall accusation and thus take away from them all possibility of using those letters.

"What I am now about to say cannot, I am fully aware, afford me the slightest justification in your eyes. Yet, let me say that when I first addressed your daughter, I thought my fate would shortly be decided. I did not expect, I did not even desire under the circumstances of that time, that she should respond to my affection. I only wished to know if her heart was free, and whether I might cherish something of hope, in a more or less distant future. I received from her no encouragement whatever. She told me that she had no attachment to any one, and in reality seemed to experience no feeling which could awaken in her mind the wish to leave you. I therefore continued my visits at your house, thinking that neither pleasure nor pain could result from them to any one but myself. I saw no increase of affection on her part, and nothing in her conduct towards me which would authorize the idea that she distinguished me from a common acquaintance. Some time after, I had reason to suppose that discoveries had been made which would oblige me to quit Ireland immediately, and I saw her for the purpose of breaking everything resembling an engagement between us. She herself, on that day, begged me to discontinue my visits. It was my intention to do so, and I told her the reason. Then it was that, for the first time, when she saw me unhappy, I saw, in her emotion, a return of my affection, and that it was too late to retreat. I afterwards discovered that my apprehensions were groundless, and I remained in the country. Doubtless I may have been wrong in all this, but there has been also much of the ill-fortune which seems to have accompanied me throughout. My having written to your daughter since a late sad event was an additional breach of propriety, which has occasioned me cruel suffering. Still, I candidly confess that not only does the fault seem a less serious one, but I consider it inevitable after what had passed. For, though I do not in the least attempt to justify my previous conduct, yet, from the moment that an attachment existed between us (and never was one more sincere), I felt that, in my particular situation, uncertainty of my fate would have done nothing to detach from me your daughter's affections, or to diminish her anxiety; and already regarding her as the future companion of my life, if life had been spared me, I have made every other consideration yield to the desire to relieve her anxiety. I should have more desired to possess the affection of your daughter than the richest possessions of America, than the highest situation in this country, without her. I know not whether this avowal will extenuate my faults, I know not whether success would have effaced them. What I do know is, that a man already under the chill of death might be spared the coldness of his old friends, and any increase of sufferings he has to endure—not for himself, to whom he leaves only sorrow behind him."

One cannot but remark here how passion often modifies the character. It would be difficult to recognize in the timid, sorrowful humility of this language the same man whose lofty and energetic defence we shall soon hear. We feel that he writes with the flush upon his forehead: he excuses himself with modesty, he entreats with dignity, and every allusion, as well as the sad and veiled one to the fate which awaited him, is painfully oppressive to the heart. It seems as if so much simplicity and tenderness of soul should have touched the hardest heart; but this noble and affecting letter did nothing to disarm the resentment of Curran. It is certain that he never again saw Robert Emmet, and, what is still more strange, it does not appear that he made any effort that Emmet's life should be saved. Certainly, if he had made the attempt, his son, so earnest to inform the public of everything honorable to his father's memory, would not have neglected to mention it. Having to plead for one of the insurgents, he eagerly took occasion to condemn the insurrection in severe and contemptuous terms, thereby to exculpate himself from all suspicion of complicity. Those who spoke of it the most severely were precisely Curran in his plea, and the son of Grattan in his memoirs; so true it is that in case of failure it is better to be judged by enemies than friends. The former, at least, are not afraid that defeat will compromise their personal position; and the same party that is so careful to draw a broad line of distinction between itself and the vanquished would, by its intermediate position, have been the first to rally round the victor. This is one of the sad spectacles offered by human nature, as seen in the light of adversity.

Meanwhile trials by court-martial and executions continually succeeded each other. Among the insurgents, some died firmly, remaining faithful to their cause to the end; others, in dying, gave sign of repentance; while others still protested their innocence, declaring that they had been condemned for things of which they had not the slightest knowledge. A young man, of respectable family, named Felix Rourke, by a refinement of cruelty, was hanged before his father's door. But public attention was fixed on Robert Emmet's trial above all others. His youth, his talents, his character, his position in the world, all concentrated upon him interest and curiosity. He was under no illusion respecting his coming fate, and faced it with a firmness of which the following traits will help us to judge. Some days before his trial, the governor of the prison, going his rounds, suddenly entered Emmet's chamber, and, seeing him absorbed in thought and with a peculiar expression on his countenance, excused himself for having interrupted him. There lay on the little dinner-table before him a half braided tress of hair, fastened with a long pin. "You see," said Robert, "how innocently I am employed. This hair is that of a person who is dear to me, and I am braiding it so as to wear it on the day of my execution."* On the day of his death, a pen and ink drawing from his hand, admirably done, was found on his table. It was his own portrait, of a striking resemblance, the head severed from the body, which was extended near, surrounded by the scaffold, the axe, and all the frightful apparatus of execution for high treason.

It is related that some days before the trial Miss Curran saw once more and for the last time the man she loved, and who was to perish by the executioner. He was standing, with his head leaning against the window, plunged in sad thought, when, turning, he saw Miss Curran standing motionless upon the threshold. He did not appear surprised (it is the jailer who narrates the scene), but, going towards her, took her in his arms and pressed her tenderly to his heart, without uttering a single word. The sound of his voice alone betrayed his emotion while he prayed her never to forget him, but to remember him with affection whenever she should again behold the scenes of their past happiness, where had flowed away the days of their youth. Above all, he besought her never to let the world pronounce his name in her presence with carelessness and contempt. He showed himself rather tender and protecting than passionate. Not wishing to prolong the rending sorrow of this last farewell, he led the wretched, silent, trembling young girl to the door, who suffered herself to be borne thither without resistance. At the moment of leaving him, she gave him a look full of all the sorrow of her soul; the door closed, and they parted forever.

*Fate often sports with feelings the most affecting and the most sacred. The clothes that Robert Emmet that day wore were, after his death, collected by the pious care of a friend. That friend, in dying, made no disposition of them, it would seem; and it is certain that, some years afterwards, the coat, with the braid of Miss Curran's dark hair, was offered at public sale, to the curiosity of amateurs.

TO BE CONTINUED.

VITAL STATISTICS OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

AT a recent meeting of the members of the British Statistical Society, Mr. Fox read a curious and interesting paper on the vital statistics of the Society of Friends, in which was shown the relative numbers of the members of the Society, male and female, at different periods, principally during the present century. The Society has existed for upwards of 200 years, but it has during the last forty been rapidly decreasing, the progress of which decrease, and some of its causes were pointed out and explained by Mr. Fox. The total number of Quakers in the United Kingdom, male and female, in 1840, was 19,700, of whom about 3,000 were in Ireland, and a very small portion in Scotland. In 1847, the numbers had diminished to 18,000, the principal decrease being among the female members. The Society mustered in great strength in King Charles's reign, during which period there were 2,820 marriages in a year, whilst from 1850 to 1856 the marriages amounted annually to only 628. During the preceding 10 years the yearly average had been 659. Up to the year 1739 many persons had associated themselves with the Society of Friends and were reckoned members of the body who were not strictly Quakers, but in that year membership was more clearly defined, and that occasioned a great nominal diminution of the Society, though the attendance at their places of worship was not decreased. After that time a more strict attention was paid to the conditions of admission, and to continuance of membership, and the secessions owing to marrying out of the Society made one principal cause of the dwindling away of the body. The following table, showing the annual number of deaths of males and females proportioned to the births in 100, in successive periods of ten years each from 1800, speaks conclusively to the diminishing numbers of the body:

	Number of Deaths to 100 *Births.*	
1800— 9.....	Males 89	Females 110
1810—19.....	Ditto 94	Ditto 116
1820—29.....	Ditto 104	Ditto 125
1830—37.....	Ditto 106	Ditto 130

From this it appears that there were in the last period 136 deaths of males and females to every 100 births. The proportion of births and marriages in the same periods of 10 years showed also a diminution of from 5·09 per cent. to 5·40, the average being 4·81 and the ratio of fecundity in the Society was less than in the general population. The secession of the males, from various causes, from the Society is greater than that of the females, in the proportion, in 1837, of 18·1 per cent. of males to 10·1 of females. These secessions are the principal cause of the decrease of the Society, and produce a larger preponderance of females among Quakers than among the general population. Notwithstanding the decrease of the body, the average mortality of individuals is considerably less than that of the other members of the community, and it appears that, contrary to the general rule, the males are longer lived than the females. This was partly attributed by Mr. Fox to the neglected training of the female children, but it was afterwards observed that it may be attributed to the more regular habits of the male members of the Society as compared with other portions of the male population. The expectation of life in the general population at five years of age was stated to be, males, 50·2 years; females, 50·4; and at 20 years, 40 and 40·8; whilst among the Society of Friends the expectation of life at five years of age is, males, 53·8; females, 52·1; and at 20 years of age 43 and 42. The conclusions to be drawn from Mr. Fox's paper, therefore, are that the Society of Friends is fast decreasing by secession and by deaths; that the secessions of males exceed those of females, and that the deaths of the latter preponderate; that the operation of the former cause occasions a larger proportion of females in the Society than of males, and that the marriage rate and the ratio of the fecundity are less than in the general population.

A short discussion took place at the conclusion of the paper, in which Mr. Neison, Mr. Hodge, Mr. Farr and Colonel Sykes took part. The latter observed that the interesting statistical information afforded by Mr. Fox showed that that valuable body, the Society of Friends, would ere long become extinct if it continued decreasing at the same ratio as since 1820, and Mr. Farr stated that it had been estimated that, if this rate of diminution continued, there would, at the expiration of 200 years, be only one Quaker left in the United Kingdom.

For The Standard.

IN MEMORY OF A LITTLE ROBIN,

Who lived eighteen months.

COULD I have thought a little bird
Had such deep love within me stirr'd?
Could I have thought its death would be
Such loss, such *real grief*, to me?

But oh! sweet bird! 'twas in my hour
Of Misery's profoundest power
That thou wert sent to me in love,
Like Mercy's herald from above.
'Twas then I found thee, half-fledg'd thing,
Helpless, and gave thee sheltering;
Plac'd in thy tiny bill thy food,
And daily sought to do thee good.
As up to birdhood's size thou grew,
Thy little soul seem'd fond and true;
And quickly then wouldst fly to me
Soon as thou didst my presence see.
Returning home, or when I woke,
Thy voice its cheerful welcome spoke:
When seated quietly to write,
How on my paper wouldst thou light,
Or, frequent, hopping on my book,
Across its pages curious look,
As though thou wonder'd much what *there*
Seem'd to thy friend so very fair!
How to my finger didst thou cling,
List'ning, while I to thee would sing!
And how thou tried'st at fall of day
Up on my head to perch and stay,
As if thou wish'd thy sleep to take
Where best thou lovd'st to be—awake!
O bird! my bird! why didst thou go,
Thus loving one who lov'd *thee* so?

And art thou *done with?* Is this *all?*
Lies o'er thee Death's *eternal* pall?
No, darling bird! I think for thee
That there another home must be,
Where now, perhaps, each spirit-feature
Lives, moves—some more ethereal creature:
And let the coarse or thoughtless jeer,
Who live to eat, drink, revel here,
I do not blush for my desire
To meet *thee*, bird! in regions higher.

Salem, N. J., January 6, 1859. A. W. M.

[Written with my dead bird in the other hand.]

THE LITTLE SHOES.

IT is wonderful what trifling things produce an influence on the heart and mind. A seed borne on the wings of the wind drops at last into suitable soil, by and bye grows up into a stately tree. A little spring leaps out of the side of a hill, and the child who stoops to drink of it can span its breadth; but it flows on down to the valley, and winds along the plain, and gathers strength and volume in its course, until it rolls a stately river, bearing the commerce of cities in the ships that navigate its waters. And so it is with human life. A look, a word, has changed the whole career of many an immortal being.

The writer once lived opposite a beershop called "The Fox and Geese," and with pained attention often watched the doings, and alas! heard the sayings, of the customers. One winter evening, a shoemaker's boy came with an assortment of children's shoes, and the landlady of "The Fox and Geese," who had a most marvellously shrill voice, began calling to a little dirty slave of a nurse girl to bring "Addlehead" (as she pronounced Adelaide), to have her new shoes tried on. I could see the little creature, who was at once fine and filthy, sitting under the gaslight in the bar, and kicking and screaming as the shoes were coaxed on her feet. At last a pair fitted, and the spoiled pet was lifted up triumphantly in her mother's arms. "Here, do look at her—the darling has let me get a pair of the very best ones on—look, do!" said the mother, calling to her husband. Just then, a tall man, very thinly clad, came out of the tap room, passed the bar, and saw the child stretching out her feet for her father to see. Now, a poor woman had been hovering about at the corner, peeping now and then timidly into the bar windows, and then creeping to the door; she had a child in her arms, and looked ready to drop with cold and weariness. I had seen that woman on many a Saturday night, waiting and watching for her husband to come out. Ah, there he is! rivetted for a moment looking at the child showing her new shoes—with a start he rouses himself and rushes out. "What, Bill, going so soon?" bawls the landlady. Bill pulls his hat down over his eyes with one hand, clutches his old jacket tight over his chest, and answers the words with a sort of grunt. He is outside—there are his wife and little one. For a moment the woman looks at him timorously, and half swerves aside, as if she feared—what I will not write, lest the manhood of my readers should be wounded. Something in Bill's look reassures her, and she goes up close to him, feebly but yet coaxingly; he took the child from her tired arms—the little creature gave a short, quick cry of fright—and as he lifted it, I saw that its little feet were bare; it drew them swiftly up under its poor frock, but not before the father saw them. I wish his hat had been off that I might have seen his face, as those two little blue, chilled feet met his eyes. I noticed that he put them in his bosom, and buttoned his jacket over them, and held the child close, and went on his way with a heavy stamp, as if he beat his feet down on the ground; his wife, slip-shod and tottering, had hard work to keep up with him.

I had a faint suspicion of what was passing in the man's mind. From that night I was glad that I saw him no more among the frequenters of the "Fox and Geese." He and his wife and child, for weal or woe, had dropped out of my ken, and almost out of my mind.

Some months after, there was a meeting at the Temperance Hall of the district, and many working men were present, and gave their testimony to the good effects of perfect sobriety; now and then they told little bits of their history, about the reasons that led them to give up the public-house. One tall, well-dressed, respectable looking man listened earnestly, until one who sat near him said, "Say a word, William Turner, you've known as much about the mischief as any one here or elsewhere; come tell us, for I never heard how it was that you changed right about face, from the mouth of hell to the field of hope; come, man, out with it, it'll may be do good."

The young man, thus urged, rose at the first word, and looked for a moment very confused; all he could say was "The little shoes, they did it." With a thick voice, as if his heart was in his throat, he kept repeating this. There was a stare of perplexity on every face, and at length some thoughtless young people began to titter. The man in all his embarrassment heard this sound, and rallied at once. The light came into his eyes with a flash, he drew himself up and looked at his audience, the choking went from his throat. "Yes, friends!" he said, in a voice that cut its way clear as a deep-toned bell, "whatever you may think of it, I've told you the truth, the little shoes did it. I was a brute, and a fool, strong drink had made me both and starved me into the bargain. I suffered, I deserved to suffer, but I didn't suffer alone; no man does who has a wife and child, for the woman gets the worse share. But I'm no speaker to enlarge on that, I'll stick to the little shoes. I saw, one night, when I was all but done for, the publican's child holding out her feet for her father to see her fine new shoes—it was a simple thing, but, friends, no fist ever struck me such a blow as those little shoes. They kicked reason into me. 'What business have I to clothe others, and let my own go bare?' said I, and there outside were my wife and child—in a bitter night. I took hold of my little one with a grip, and I saw her chilled feet—Men! fathers! if the shoes smote me, what did the feet do? I put them, cold as ice, to my breast; they pierced me through and through. Yes! the little feet walked right into my heart—and turned out my selfishness. I had a trifle of money left; I bought a loaf and a pair of little shoes. I never tasted anything but a bit of that bread, all the Sabbath day, and I went to work on Monday, and from that day I have spent no more money at the public house—that's all I've got to say—it was the little shoes that did it."—*British Workman.*

THE SISTERS.

IT was on one of those warm, bright, still summer mornings that always seem to me to belong to the Sabbath, that I accompanied by my sister and her husband, for the first time entered the parish church of the pretty village of Beconsfield. The appointments of the interior pleased me, and I took my seat with a calm, home-like feeling. I was much charmed with the singing, as the service proceeded, and the preacher was an earnest, eloquent man.

I am not conscious of having been inattentive to the duties of the morning, but the eyes will wander sometimes. Our pew was on the left side of the centre division; and in one on the other side of the aisle were two ladies whom, from the exceeding plainness of their dress, I set down in my own mind as sectarians. The ladies appeared young, that is relatively—about three or four and twenty. The youngest was marked, but not at all disfigured, by the small-pox, and by the continued closed eyelids, evidently blind. She was fair, and had a pleasing expression of countenance, frequently improved by the feeling which flitted across her face. I was much interested in her. But her sister, as I presumed her to be, I could not understand, and yet her face was one of those which instantly captivate—a fair, oval, almost faultless face, with dark eyes, and plainly braided brown hair. The imperturbability, however, with which she listened to the music and the sermon surprised me. Once or twice a color rose to her transparent cheek, but it could not have been caused by either the singing or the eloquence, for it happened at times when there was apparently nothing to excite.

My visit was to extend only to a fortnight; three days had already elapsed; and as my sister was particularly engaged on the next day, I went out for a stroll by myself, or at least only accompanied by my nephew, Master Frederick Rawlins, a fine little fellow of four or five. I had wandered through green lanes and over grassy meadows until I began to feel rather tired, and was looking at inviting stumps of trees, and green hillocks, when we suddenly came into a bye-lane, in which about a dozen cottages were clustered. Although I knew we must be near home, I looked first at one house, and then at another, purposing to ask for a moment's rest and a glass of water, for the day was very warm.

But one door was closed; at another, a mother was scolding some children; at another, two or three boys, together with an aged man, seated in a wicker-chair, were busily talking, and as busily plaiting some colored straw—everybody plaited about that village; and so I passed on until I came to the last, and here I stood still. At the open door of the little abode, the blind young lady of the church was seated, a plain muslin cap over her fair hair, and in a dark cotton dress, rapidly plaiting some fine white straw. I was almost glad that her infirmity prevented her seeing my embarrassment; but perceiving that her quick ear had caught the sound of strange footsteps, I said aloud to my little nephew: "Perhaps, Freddy, this lady would be kind enough to let us rest for a few minutes."

"Lady!" repeated Frederick; "why, it is Miss Rebecca."

"Ah! Master Rawlins, I am glad to see you; how is mamma?" she asked, rising quickly, and taking his little hand.

"Mrs. Rawlins," I said, in as gentle a voice as possible, "is quite recovering from her little illness, and was in church yesterday."

"How glad I am to hear it. You will pardon me, but are you not a relative of Mrs. Rawlins?"

"Her sister."

"I thought so: your voices are so much alike."

During this colloquy, Freddy and I having seated ourselves, I looked, with a slight bow, at the imperturbable elder sister, who, similarly attired, was sitting at a small table at needle-work. I asked her to oblige me with a glass of water; she colored, and, I thought, looked confused; but before she could have complied, the blind sister approached, and, by her fingers and gesture, explained my request. She rose instantly, and my heart sunk within me, as, with a sweet smile, and a really elegant inclination of the head, she presented the water. Could *she* be *deaf?* The tears started to my eyes, and my hand trembled as I took the glass. What a fatality! As I looked upon the sweet face, that now seemed to me strangely intellectual, my fatigue was gone. I drank the water, and, rising, pressed the deaf lady's hand, thanked her for the moment's rest, and then turning to the younger sister, took one of her hands in both mine, and said, in rather a tremulous voice, that I should trouble her soon again with a visit, as her house was so pleasantly situated; and then, taking the hand of my little nephew, who was singularly silent, wended my way thoughtfully to my sister's house.

It was a day or two before I had an opportunity of questioning my sister about those afflicted sisters.

"Ah!" she said, "it is a sad story. Their father was a highly respectable solicitor, and Dr. Rawlins's father attended the family as their physician. Poor Rebecca, that is the younger Miss Glenfield, had the smallpox when she was about twelve years of age, and the poor mother, in attending upon her, took it also. Mrs. Glenfield died; Rebecca recovered, but was blind. Mr. Glenfield, it seems, took it sadly to heart; he had loved his wife, and cared little to look upon his blind daughter. He took to speculation, and of course neglected his business. Then he was seized with the typhus fever; and poor Amelia, that is the elder Miss Glenfield, in attending upon her father, was attacked in her turn. The father, in *this* case, died, and Miss Glenfield recovered, but to incurable deafness and absolute poverty; for when the claims upon Mr. Glenfield's estate were satisfied, the helpless girls had scarcely a shilling left."

"But had they no friends?"

"They had some relatives, and, I believe, at first were kindly treated. They have still some little annuity, and their seat in church; but I suppose nobody cared to take charge of them."

"And so these poor girls were left to God, and their own endeavors. Has Dr. Rawlins given any attention to their case?"

"O yes; he has done a good deal for Miss Glenfield, so far as health is concerned; but the deafness he considers incurable; and as to poor Rebecca, there is no hope." And thus the conversation ended.

During the remainder of my stay at Beconsfield, my visits to the sisters were neither few nor far between, scarcely a day passing on which I did not call at the little cottage in the evening, for we soon became very familiar. It was really gratifying to observe the bright smile that would lighten Rebecca's face, and the sweet intelligent welcome of Miss Glenfield's eyes, that accorded so naturally with the few words she spoke, as my foot crossed the threshold.

On the afternoon previous to my leaving Beconsfield, I of course went to bid adieu; but this was not my only motive. Rebecca's cheek turned pale as I took her hand, and the tears started to Miss Glenfield's eyes as she tried to smile a welcome. This was to be my last visit, and the solitary creatures had become used to my society. This time I could not stay long; so, after a little conversation about our parting, and the hope I had of our again meeting, I drew Amelia a little aside, and asked her whether she thought her sister would feel much disappointed if a doctor pronounced her deafness incurable.

"It has been already pronounced incurable," replied Rebecca quickly; "Dr. Rawlins said he could do nothing more. In fact, Miss Hill, we have dismissed every idea of the sort; yet, if she could recover her hearing even to a slight degree, what a comfort it would be, for you can't think how lonely I am, and so, of course, is she, poor thing: but then she can see."

This was a new revelation, for it had never occurred to me that Amelia's deafness was a deprivation to any but the deprived; but so it must have been, for she scarcely ever spoke except for some general or necessary purpose. During this colloquy, as I saw that Amelia was looking at us inquisitively, I requested her sister to explain my question.

"You are very kind, Miss Hill," observed Amelia, and a faint color rose to the poor girl's cheek; "but it would be folly in us to think of impossibilities; we must dree our weird."

Notwithstanding this, after my return home, I could, hardly sit down till I had paid a visit to a well-known aurist, Mr. Morton of Brook Street. He was a plain-spoken, plain-looking man, rather above the middle height, and with singularly intelligent and expressive dark eyes.

He listened patiently and attentively to my statement; and in reply to the question, as to whether there was any hope:

"It is impossible to say, ma'am," he replied slowly, and as if deliberating, "without seeing the lady. Twenty-three years of age, and has lost her hearing through fever, about four or five years ago: it is a pity I had not been consulted earlier."

"I knew nothing of the case," I replied. "I have only become acquainted with the young lady these last two weeks; and besides, my brother-in-law, Dr. Rawlins, attended her."

"Dr. Rawlins of Beconsfield—a very clever man. But you see, Miss Rawlins, I have devoted myself exclusively to the ear—that is, the organ of hearing; and a very interesting subject it is. I assure you, Miss Rawlins, that very many patients who have been submitted to me as incurably deaf have had in reality no organic defect or disease at all."

As he seemed about starting a hobby, I at once resolutely asked when Miss Glenfield could see him.

"Miss Glenfield! She does not belong to the Glenfields of Beconsfield?"

"She is the late Mr. Glenfield's eldest daughter."

"Well, that is strange. Why, my brother served his articles to Mr. Glenfield: you see, he was a delicate youth, so it was thought the country would be best."

"But Mr. Glenfield is dead, and the two poor girls are left in comparative poverty."

"Dead! Ah! I remember the fever. But the other daughter—she is not deaf?"

"She is not deaf; but, by a strange fatality, she is blind."

"Blind! Poor things, poor things. Well, bring the young lady any morning you choose—that is, before twelve."

"But, sir," I replied, "Miss Glenfield resides at Beconsfield, so it will be necessary to appoint some particular morning, when we shall be happy to attend you."

"At Beconsfield! Why, I am going to Beconsfield to-morrow. Mrs. Smith of Oaks Lodge has sent for me; she is subject to deafness at her confinements. Hers is only physical weakness. But as I am called in professionally, of course I attend; and perhaps, after all, it is as well. I think your brother attends the family."

"Very likely, sir. But what about Miss Glenfield?"

"Do you give me her address. I shall have to attend Mrs. Smith for two or three weeks; it will be no trouble to me, you see; and during that time, I shall be able to ascertain whether I can do anything for your friend."

While he was speaking, I had drawn out my card-case and pencil, and on the back of one of my own cards had written "Miss Glenfield, Woods Cottage, Woods Lane"; and when he had finished speaking, presented the card and a guinea—the usual fee, I believe, of a morning visitor. He took the fee and the card, and, after glancing at them, placed both in the pocket of his waistcoat, and then rising as I left my chair, he said: "I take this fee, Miss Rawlins" (Miss Rawlins! when he had just read, as plain as the engraver could write, Miss Hill!)—"I receive this fee in testimony that I have undertaken the case; but I take no more. Whatever attendance or medicine Miss Glenfield may require, I will see to myself, and rest assured I will spare no pains. Good-morning, Miss Rawlins"; and bowing me out, he closed the street-door.

That very morning I wrote to my sister, requesting her to apprise Miss Glenfield of the aurist's purposed visit, and, if possible, to be at Woods Cottage herself the next afternoon; and also to inform me of the result of the interview. In compliance with my request, Caroline wrote that he had come, according to promise; that he had given no decided opinion; that Miss Glenfield had borne the visit remarkably well, but that poor Rebecca had been much agitated.

Well, time passed on, Mr. Morton answering somewhat dubiously my occasional inquiries, till I received a letter from my sister, which rather surprised me; it ran thus: "DEAR LOUISA—I wish you could ascertain positively whether Mr. Morton is married or not. I have asked Frederick—to be sure, only, as it were, casually; and he thinks he is unmarried. But I want to know positively. He comes very frequently to the cottage—more frequently than I am sure a case like hers can require. It is a sad thing to be deaf; but it would be a much sadder thing to have her heart blighted—though, perhaps, it is already too late. If Mr. Morton is married, he sees Amelia no more, except at my house."

I was thunder-struck, and yet not a little amused at the idea of a young girl having her heart blighted by an eccentric surgeon more than twice her age. I determined, however, to run down at once to Beconsfield—run down as I had promised—and see the aurist and Amelia myself. But it so happened that on the next day, when I went to the station, I discovered I had made a mistake: it was the arriving train I was in time for, the other would not depart for two hours. As I stood on the platform, vexed at my stupidity, and hardly knowing whether to wait or return home, I was accosted by a gentleman, whom, if I had not been addressed as "Miss Rawlins," I should never have recognized as Mr. Morton. He looked ten years younger than when I first saw him; his dress, too, was improved, and altogether he seemed to me a happy and quite a handsome man.

"Just come from Beconsfield, Miss Rawlins?" said he, taking my hand, and pressing it warmly "I wonder I did not see you before, but I suppose you must have been in another carriage. All well at home?"

"Quite well, sir; thank you," answered I, rather distantly. "But how is Miss Glenfield?"

"Very well, indeed—getting on nicely. But I see I am detaining you from your friends," as a group of strangers approached to where I was standing; and again pressing my hand, he bowed, and hurried away. I was vexed; but as I had seen the doctor, what use was there in my waiting two hours to go down to Beconsfield?

In the evening, as we were sitting at tea at home, I introduced the subject of Miss Glenfield's possible cure; and after alluding to Mr. Morton's skill, asked boldly whether he was married.

"Married!" repeated my mother, looking up in surprise. "No, Louise, no. He is one of those old bachelors who would grudge himself a wife. Why, Anne lived there as housemaid, and she says he keeps his servants on board-wages, and almost starves himself."

"I don't know," said I, vexed to hear the doctor depreciated, "what business Anne has to talk of those who employ her. He seems to me a kind and benevolent man."

"He may be so, Louisa, in his profession," remarked my father, looking up from his evening paper; "but depend upon it, he is not generally benevolent. Why, I once applied to him myself about the poor Poles, and he refused to subscribe one shilling; he never gave to public charities, he said—nor to private ones either, in my opinion."

All this was nearly conclusive, but I resolved to hazard another inquiry. The next morning, I went to a milliner, a friend of ours, who resided in the vicinity of Regent street. After admiring her elegant novelties, and attending to a little affair of my own, I spoke of my young friend and Mr. Morton, and then smilingly asked whether she worked for *Mrs.* Morton.

"I work for Mrs. Morton and her family too," replied my friend; "but not the lady of the aurist, but of his brother, a respectable solicitor. In fact, the Mr. Morton you mean has no wife, and if he had, I am afraid the poor lady would scarcely employ me"—she went on smiling and shrugging her shoulders—"for Mrs. Morton tells me he is terribly stingy."

As this confirmed what I had previously heard, I felt satisfied, but, before replying to my sister, resolved to call on Mr. Morton myself.

He was at home, and evidently very glad to see me; but when I said that my sister, Mrs. Rawlins, was very anxious to know *when* he could pronounce a decided opinion as regarded Miss Glenfield, I remarked that he colored, and seemed rather embarrassed. He paused a moment.

"To tell you the truth, Miss Rawlins," said he hurriedly, "I should like to finish the cure at home." He hesitated. I looked at him, but knew not what to reply. I suppose I must have appeared much delighted, for there was no mistaking his meaning. His own countenance brightened, and he went on, with little circumlocution, to say that he had conceived a great regard for Miss Glenfield; that he was sure she was the only woman who could make him happy; and that he was very desirous of making her his wife.

I could scarcely restrain my feelings at the idea of poor dear Amelia's good-fortune; however, I managed quietly to congratulate him on his choice, to speak in the highest terms of Miss Glenfield's ladylike demeanor, and her amiability and affectionate disposition; "but then," I added, "you know she is poor and friendless, and has a dependent sister."

"As to her sister," replied the aurist, "I like Rebecca almost as well as—as Miss Glenfield; and as to their being friendless, between you and me, Miss Rawlins, I don't think that much of a loss; I shouldn't like to be troubled with a wife's tribe of relations." Again the word *wife!* but I preserved a calm countenance; and as he hesitated anew, I ventured to ask when the wedding was to take place, "for I suppose," I added, "Miss Glenfield and you have already settled it."

"Why, no, Miss Rawlins; indeed, Amelia has not settled anything; but I don't think she would object. I wanted to have spoken to you or Mrs. Rawlins: I think Mrs. Rawlins must be ill, for I have not seen her for some time; and, indeed, I did go to Mrs. Morton, my brother's wife, and requested her to visit Amelia, telling her that she was a daughter of the gentleman my brother had served his articles to. And what do you think she said—that she had no idea of visiting a mere adventuress! That woman shall never cross my threshold again. Miss Glenfield is a gentlewoman, and could not have used such language. Could not you and Mrs. Rawlins manage the affair? I will write to Amelia this afternoon, to prepare her, as to the time, although the essential part I consider settled already; and pray, Miss Rawlins, let the matter be arranged as soon as possible, so that I may be able to attend to business as usual. There will be some little matters of dress required," he went on: "there are two fifty-pound notes for Amelia; if she wants more, you will be so good as to write. Of course, when she is in her own house, she will have everything at her own disposal. And there is another fifty for Rebecca; she will be an essential companion for her sister when I am from home."

I took the notes in a perfect bewilderment. There was I, a young maiden of twenty or so, preparing for my own bridal, which was to take place in a fortnight, quietly arranging with a stranger the preliminaries for the wedding of another.

"But I forgot to tell you, Miss Rawlins," resumed Mr. Morton, "that I am going this evening to Mr. Glenfield, the proctor, Amelia's uncle. He has shamefully neglected her; but as he *is* her uncle, and is a respectable man, I will ask his consent to the marriage, and invite him to attend, if it was only to vex my brother's wife."

I walked home in a dream. Why do romancers puzzle their brains to bring about their consummations by means of extraordinary events and coincidences? Could anything be simpler than the present concatenation, anything wilder than the result? These two poor, lonely, helpless girls, whom I had left sitting by their cottage-door, working for bread—the one in utter darkness, the other surrounded by a dread silence which thunder itself could not break—behold them now coming forth from their solitude into comfort,